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There are nearly 70,000 British and Dominion officers and men studying the Course; including over 100 Admirals and Generals.

By training your mind on the Pelman System you can do better work (and better paid work) with infinitely less effort. A Course of Pelman Training is the finest of all mental exercises. It develops your mind as physical training develops your muscles. It is most fascinating to follow and takes up very little time. It is taught by post and can be followed anywhere.

Write to-day for a Free Copy of

Mind and Memory.

It tells you all about the successful Pelman System, and shows you how to increase the money-making powers of your mind. Send a post card or letter to-day to

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE

155 Pelman House,
Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

OVERSEAS BRANCHES—Melbourne: 46-48 Market Street. Durban: Club Arcade. Toronto: 15 Toronto Street.

CONQUER GREY HAIR TO-DAY.

YOU MAY COMMENCE TO DO SO FREE OF COST.

SPLENDID TRIPLE GIFT THAT RESTORES NATURAL COLOUR TO GREY HAIR.

GREY or white hair is the hoisting of the "white flag" of surrender to an aged appearance.

There is no need to hoist the "white flag" in your hair to-day. There is no need to associate your hair with ageing greyness. If you wish to "win through" in any sphere of life, white or grey hair will prove a bar sinister to you, however capable you may be. Let "Astol" restore the lost natural colour to your grey hair. You can test it Free to-day.

SHUN DYES AND STAINS.

If you desire to succeed to-day, you must prevent or overcome greying of the hair, and you can do this by carrying out the "Astol" treatment

for only a few minutes daily. You cannot do it by using messy dyes or stains. They cannot conquer greyness. They cannot give back to your grey hair its rightful natural colour, no matter how long you may use them or how much you may spend on them. "Astol" can and does. It has already done so in the case of thousands who have tried it. It will do so for you. If your hair is grey or going grey, if it is turning grey at the temples, or grey in patches, even if it has turned absolutely white, you are invited by the discoverer of "Astol" (the Hair Specialist who invented and popularised "Harlene Hair Drill") to write for and accept the following triple "Astol" gift FREE.



Dyes or stains do not have a lasting effect, but are always and easily detected and sometimes injurious. Do not "Paint" your hair with a coloured fluid. Make your hair re-grow its own natural colour.

No one need hesitate about using "Astol". It does not colour the hair; it makes the hair re-grow its own natural colour. You can put it to the test yourself without expense. Post the Free Gift Coupon to-day.

THE 3-FOLD "ASTOL" OUTFIT.

- (1) A trial bottle of "Astol," the most wonderful hair rejuvenator in the world, which does not "dye," "paint," or "stain" your hair in a superficial manner, but restores the natural function of pigmentation to the atrophied colouring cells of your hair.
- (2) A Free Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, a most powerful and refreshing cleanser of the

Scalp and the Hair, which banishes dandruff and scurf, and prepares the way for the most satisfactory application of "Astol."

- (3) A Free Copy of "Good News for the Grey-Haired," a book which gives full directions for the use of "Astol."

All that you are asked to do is to enclose with your application the nominal amount of threepence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing on your Gift Packet of "Astol" and "Cremex." Surely this is an opportunity that no one who is grey or going grey can afford to lightly pass over. Greyness to-day is a stigma and an absolute bar to social, professional, and commercial success. When the greyness departs, as it assuredly will after using "Astol," doors that have been closed to you for a time will reopen again. Your prospects will grow brighter, you will feel an added self-confidence, and you will not be perpetually haunted by the fear of detection as when you used old, repugnant dyes or stains.

NATURAL VERSUS ARTIFICIAL METHODS.

Think what all this means to you, and make up your mind at once to give "Astol" one fair and free trial. There need never be any difference about using "Astol," as there is always in the use of dyes and stains. The latter

are artificial in their action, but "Astol" is essentially natural. It does not give a false and fleeting colour to your hair. It simply brings new life to the colouring cells of your own hair.

It matters not how or why your hair went grey—whether from age, sickness, shock, work, or fright—nor how long it has been grey. It matters not how many other preparations you have tried in vain.



ACCEPT THIS YOUTH-GIVING GIFT TO-DAY.

Try "Astol" before you despair of conquering that worrying grey hair. You will be amazed at the transformation it will work in your hair. Once again its natural colour will come streaming back to it, no matter what your age or what the cause of your greyness may be. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps for postage as directed on the coupon below.

After you have once seen for yourself the effect of "Astol" you can obtain further supplies from any chemist at 3s. and 6s. a bottle; "Cremex" is 11d. per box of seven packets (single packets 2d.) or direct on receipt of 8d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE



FREE "ASTOL" COUPON

Detach and post to **EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,**
20, 22, 24 & 26 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a Free Trial Supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, with full instructions. I enclose 3d. stamps, for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

(Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

QUIVER, Nov., 1918.

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must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE
CORSET
OF
HEALTH



The Natural
Ease Corset
Style 2.

8/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with
Special Detachable
Suspenders.

Stocked in
all sizes
from 20 to 30.
Made in finest
quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.
No lacing at the back.
Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality,
with corded supports and special suspenders,
detachable for washing.
It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to
expand freely when breathing.
It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.
It has a short (9 inch) busk in front which
ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at
the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks
and Eyes.
It can be easily washed at home, having
nothing to rust or tarnish.

Wear the "NATURAL EASE"
Corset and free yourself from In-
digestion, Constipation, and scores
of other ailments so distressful to
Women.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who
enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is
nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids
will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to
breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially
housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding
constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease"
Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the
body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most
comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

No goods sent without cash, but money
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Make your Postal Order payable to

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By the most successful editors
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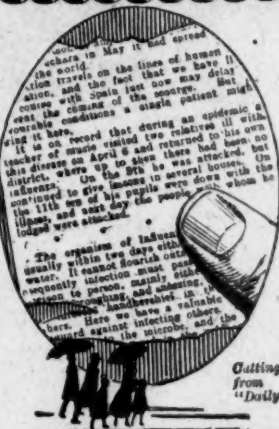
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spreads quickly—the above cutting shows how—and no class is immune from the attack.

When your system is weakened by overwork or worry you run a decided risk of infection; and you should be especially careful whenever you enter or leave a crowded building.

Guard against the germ by fortifying your mouth and throat with the germ-killing properties of

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The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.



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From Chemists or post free from the makers.

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with your complexion if you make it a habit to use Pomeroy Skin Food.

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A short trial will convince you that Pomeroy Skin Food is the one face cream that you need for your complexion.

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"I must write oftener"

LETTERS are valued by our men who are serving: they make a bright spark of interest when the day feels grey. Everyone looks forward to the mails from home. It is up to us to see no one is disappointed. It is, after all, the least we can do to write, if only a little every day.

A "Swan" can help immensely. There is a real inspiration in the smooth gold nib—it is the perfect medium by which to send a word of cheer to brave hearts out there.

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Came On Every Winter Till Cured By Veno's.

Miss Edith C. Castle, 54 Stogeham Road, Clapton, London, E.5, says:—
"All my life I had suffered with weak chest, and every winter I was sure to have a cough. It was a very severe cough, too, hard and trying, and I was always breathless with it. I had medical advice sometimes, and I'm sure I tried everything I could think



of, but it was all no use. Last winter I could hardly get my breath for coughing, so thought I would just try Veno's. I cannot be too thankful that I did, for a few doses gave me relief, and very soon the cough was quite gone. I could hardly have believed that anything could be so quick or so thorough."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the World's supreme remedy for Coughs and Colds, Lung Troubles, Asthma, Bronchitis, Nasal Catarrh, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and Influenza. Specially recommended for Whooping Cough, and other Bronchial Troubles in Children.

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Prices
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from Chemists
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everywhere.
The 3s. size is
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economical.



What you want is Tatcho

To induce a more vigorous growth of hair on your head. Both men and women are finding that the anxieties of war time and the worries of business and private life are apt to induce a deadening effect on the hair followed by a falling out, which is most distressing. To prevent this, use

Tatcho

Sprinkle a few drops on your hair every morning and rub it in vigorously. Don't be deterred by reason of past failures in the form of counterfeits of Tatcho, purporting to be the same as Tatcho, but in reality nothing of the sort. TATCHO certainly does produce an abundance of beautiful hair. Surely that interests you. It is a fact which can be demonstrated by personal use. If your hair is failing you will have to try TATCHO sooner or later. Don't lose time. It only means losing more hair. You can have a 4/6 trial bottle for 2/9.

CUT THIS OUT SPECIAL TATCHO COUPON AND POST TO-DAY

A Full-size 4/6 bottle for 2/9. The TATCHO Hair Health Brush Free.

In order to prove the superlative merits of Tatcho the Company, inaugurated under the auspices of Mr. Geo. H. Sims, have set aside, for trial purposes, 250,000 4/6 bottles of Tatcho for 2/9, and 50,000 Tatcho Hair Health Brushes. The brush entirely supersedes the old-style insanitary hair brush. All who decide to benefit by the use of a 4/6 trial bottle of Tatcho for 2/9 are entitled to participate in the distribution of the Tatcho Hair Health Brushes. Each bottle of Tatcho bears the following guarantee of the discoverer:—

"I guarantee this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me."

Geo H Sims

Get your Chemist, who is authorised to do so, to supply a 4/6 bottle for 2/9, or will be mailed from the CHIEF CHEMIST, TATCHO LABORATORIES, Kingaway, London.

Chemists and Stores everywhere, 1/3 and 4/6.

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(NERVE WEAKNESS)

CURED BY ELECTRICITY.

To-day, war-time conditions are causing a serious increase in Neurasthenia and other Nervous and Functional disorders.

The symptoms of Neurasthenia are many and varied. They are mainly mental or nervous, and often the victim is quite unaware of the fact that he or she is travelling rapidly towards Nervous Exhaustion and Nervous Prostration.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

Are you Nervous, Timid, or Indecisive?
Do you lack Self-Confidence?
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Do you blush or turn pale readily?
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Do you crave for stimulants or drugs?

If so, you can safely assume that you are suffering from Neurasthenia. The neurasthenic also often suffer from Indigestion, Liver Troubles, Constipation, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite,



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If so, Curative Electricity will put you right. The Pulvermacher Appliances are the only inventions for the administration of curative electricity, endorsed by over 150 leading Doctors and by the official Academy of Medicine in Paris.

Excess of Appetite, and a host of other disorders due to faulty functions of various organs. Electricity is the only force that naturally supplies this deficiency of Nerve Force, and restores tone to the whole nervous system. To-day you can be

CURED IN YOUR OWN HOME BY ELECTRICITY

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This is the natural and physiological treatment of Neurasthenia, which drug treatments can never cure. The Pulvermacher Treatment has cured the most obstinate cases of Neurasthenia and Nervous Disorders when all other methods have failed. If you are suffering from any form of Nerve Trouble, or if you have any of the symptoms as described above, write to-day for a book that may well prove of incalculable health value to you, yet it costs you nothing. It is entitled "Guide to Health and Strength," and will be sent post free. Those who can call personally are cordially invited to do so, when a consultation on their health trouble may be secured absolutely free of charge and without obligation between the hours of 10.0 and 5.30 daily.

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By posting this **FREE FORM TO-DAY** you will receive the "Guide to Health and Strength." You place yourself under no obligation by applying for this book and particulars of the Pulvermacher Appliances.

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Quiver, November, 1918.

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A CURE WITHOUT DRUGS

(Nature's Remedy Restores Health)



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We have no drugs to sell you. The remedy we offer is electricity. That's Nature's medicine. It is impossible to cure any ailment by doping the nerves and vitals with stimulants or poisons. Your body needs new life and strength. Our Ajax Dry Cell Battery gives that. It helps Nature by restoring the energy and activity of every weak, sluggish organ of the body. The Ajax Battery is a scientific device for saturating the nerves and vitals with a steady, unbroken current of electric life without the least shock or unpleasant sensation. The Ajax Battery builds up vitality and strength, and gives to every weak and inactive organ the power to do its work properly as Nature intended. When your body has sufficient electric energy to satisfy the demands of Nature, weakness and disease cannot exist.

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for SPEED,
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EDUCATIVE
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A complete range of
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THE 'CHILPRUFE'
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Stamp on a lady's
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H. A. Vachell

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John Oxenham

Mr. John Oxenham is to contribute a

Christmas message, "Tidings of Great Joy," and Mr. Mortimer Batten is to write on "Fighting the Cold."

The Illustrations

The number will be profusely illustrated, among the artists being A. C. Michael, Stanley Davis, Norah Schlegel, Warwick Reynolds, &c.

In the Needlecraft Section there will be a fine selection of home-made Christmas presents.

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The Editor

[For Contents of this Number see over.

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WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

Being the Great Adventure of Bastin, Bickley and Arbuthnot

By

H. RIDER HAGGARD

(Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc.)

CHAPTER I

Arbuthnot Describes Himself

I SUPPOSE that I, Humphrey Arbuthnot, should begin this history, in which Destiny has caused me to play so prominent a part, with some short account of myself and my circumstances.

I was born forty years ago in this very Devonshire village in which I write, but not in the same house. Now I live in the Priory, an ancient place and a fine one in its way, with panelled rooms and beautiful gardens. The view, too, is perfect; behind and around the rich Devonshire landscape, with its hills and valleys and its scarped faces of red sandstone, and, at a distance in front, the sea. Such is Fulcombe—where I live, though for obvious reasons I do not give its real name.

Many years ago my father, the Rev. Humphrey Arbuthnot, whose only child I was and after whom also I am named Humphrey, was the vicar of this place with which our family is said to have some rather vague hereditary connection. If so, it was

severed in the Carolian times, because my ancestors fought on the side of Parliament.

My father was a recluse and a widower, for my mother, a Scotchwoman, died at, or shortly after, my birth. Being very High Church for those days, he was not popular with the family that owned the Priory before me. Indeed its head, a somewhat vulgar person of the name of Enfield who had made money in trade, almost persecuted him, as he was in a position to do, being the local magnate and the owner of the advowson and the rectorial tithes.

I mention this fact because, owing to it, as a boy I made up my mind that one day I would buy that place and sit in his seat, a wild enough idea at the time. Yet it became engrained in me, as do such aspirations of our youth, and when the opportunity arose in after years, I carried it out. Poor old Enfield! He fell on evil fortunes, for in trying to bolster up a favourite son who was a gambler, a spendthrift, and an ungrateful scamp, in the end he was practically ruined and had to sell the Fulcombe estate when the bad times came.

*** This story has been slightly reduced for purposes of serialisation.

THE QUIVER

By the poor people, however, of all the district round—for the parish itself is very small—my father was much beloved.

Never did I know anyone quite so learned as my father. He was one of those men who is so good all round that he became pre-eminent in nothing. A classic of the first water, a very respectable mathematician, an expert in theology, a student of sundry foreign languages, a *littérateur* in his lighter moments, an inquirer into sociology, a theoretical musician though his playing of the organ excruciated most people because it was too correct, a really first-class authority upon flint instruments, and the best grower of garden vegetables in the county, also of apples—such were some of his attainments. That was what made his sermons so popular, since at times one or the other of them would break out into them, his theory being that God spoke to us through all of these things.

But if I begin to drift into an analysis of my father's abilities I should never stop. It would take a book to describe them. And yet mark this, with them all his name is as dead to the world to-day as though he had never been. Light reflected from a hundred facets dissipates itself in space and is lost; that concentrated in one tremendous ray pierces to the stars.

Now I am going to be frank about myself, for without frankness what is the value of such a record as this?

The fact is, therefore, that I inherited most of my father's abilities, except his love for flint instruments which always bored me to distraction. In addition I have a practical side which he lacked; had he possessed it surely he must have become an archbishop instead of dying a vicar of an unknown parish. Also I have a spiritual sense, mayhap mystical would be a better term, which, with all his High Church religion, was missing from my father's nature. For I think that notwithstanding his charity and devotion he never quite got away from the shell of things, never cracked it and set his teeth in the kernel which alone can feed our souls. His keen intellect, to take an example, recognised every one of the difficulties of our faith, and flashed hither and thither in the darkness, seeking explanation, seeking light, trying to reconcile, to explain. He was not great enough to put all this aside and go straight to the informing Soul beneath that strives to express itself everywhere, even through those husks which are called the World, the Flesh and the Devil, and as yet does not always quite succeed.

It is this boggling over exteriors, this peering into pitfalls, this desire to prove that what such senses as we have tell us is impossible is in fact possible, which causes

the overthrow of many an earnest, seeking heart and renders its work, conducted on false lines, quite nugatory. These *will* trust to themselves and their own intelligence and not be content to spring from the cliffs of human experience into the everlasting arms of that Infinite which are stretched out to receive them and to give them rest and the keys of knowledge. When will man learn what was taught to him of old, that faith is the only plank wherewith he can float upon this sea and that his miserable works avail him nothing; also that it is a plank made of many sorts of wood, perhaps to suit our different weights?

Further, I had, and to a certain extent still have, another advantage over my father, which certainly came to me from my mother, who was, as I judge from all descriptions and such likenesses as remain of her, an extremely handsome woman. I was born much better looking. He was small and dark, a little man with deep-set eyes and beetling brows. I am also dark, but tall above the average and well made. I do not know that I need say more about my personal appearance, to me not a very attractive subject, but the fact remains that they called me handsome Humphrey at the University, and I was the captain of my college boat and won many prizes at athletic sports when I had time to train for them.

Until I went up to Oxford my father educated me, partly because he knew that he could do it better than anyone else, and partly to save school expenses. The experiment was very successful, as my love of all outdoor sports and of any small hazardous adventure that came to my hand saved me from becoming a milksop. For the rest I learned more from my father than I should have done at the best and most costly of schools. This was shown when at last I went to college with a scholarship, for there I did very well indeed, as search would still reveal.

Here I had better set out some of my shortcomings, which in their sum have made a failure of me. Yes, a failure in the highest sense, though I trust what Stevenson calls "a faithful failure." These have their root in fastidiousness and a lack of perseverance, which really means lack of faith, again using the word in its higher and wider sense. For if one had real faith one would always persevere, knowing that in every work undertaken with high aim there is an element of nobility, however humble and unrecognised that work may seem to be. God after all is the God of Work.

On leaving college with some reputation I was called to the Bar where, owing to a certain solicitor and other connections, I had a good opening. Also, owing to the excellence of my memory and powers of work, I began very well, making money

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

even during my first year. Then, as it happened, a certain case came my way and, my leader falling ill suddenly after it was opened, was left in my hands. The man whose cause I was pleading was, I think, one of the biggest scoundrels it is possible to conceive. It was a will case, and if he won the effect would be to beggar two most estimable middle-aged women who were justly entitled to the property, to which end personally I am convinced he had committed forgery; the perjury that accompanied it I do not even mention.

Well, he did win, thanks to me, and the estimable middle-aged ladies were beggared, and, as I heard afterwards, driven to such extremities that one of them died of her misery and the other became a lodging-house keeper. The details do not matter, but I may explain that the ladies were unattractive in appearance and manner and broke down beneath my cross-examination, which made them appear to be telling falsehoods, whereas they were only completely confused. Further, I invented an ingenious theory of the facts which, although the judge regarded it with suspicion, convinced an unusually stupid jury who gave me their verdict.

Everybody congratulated me, and at the time I was triumphant, especially as my leader had declared that the case was impossible. Afterwards, however, my conscience smote me sorely, so much so that, arguing from the false premise of this business, I came to the conclusion that the practice of the Law was not suited to an honest man. I did not take the large view that such matters average themselves up and that, if I had done harm in this instance, I might live to do good in many others, and perhaps become a just judge, even a great judge. Here I may mention that in after years, when I grew rich, I rescued that surviving old lady from her lodging-house, although to this day she does not know the name of her anonymous friend. So by degrees, without saying anything, for I kept on my chambers, I slipped out of practice, to the great disappointment of everybody connected with me, and took to authorship.

A marvel came to pass; my first book was an enormous success. The whole world talked of it. It sold like wildfire and I suppose had some merits, for it is still read, though few know that I wrote it, since, fortunately, it was published under a pseudonym.

Again I was much elated and set to work to write another and, as I believe, a much better book. But jealousies had been excited by this leaping into fame of a totally unknown person. The new book was torn to shreds; it was reviled as subversive of morality and religion—good arrows in

those days. It was called puerile, half-educated stuff—I half educated! Lastly, my father, from whom the secret could no longer be kept, sternly disapproved of both these books, which I admit were written from a very radical point of view. The result was our first quarrel, and before it was made up he died suddenly.

Now again my fastidiousness and lack of perseverance did their work, and solemnly I swore that I would never write another book, an oath which I have kept till this moment—at least so far as publication is concerned—and now break only because I consider it my duty so to do and am not animated by any pecuniary object.

Thus came to an end my second attempt at carving out a career. By now I had grown savage and cynical, rather revengeful also, I fear. Knowing myself to possess considerable abilities in sundry directions, I sat down as it were to think things over and digest my past experiences. Then it was that the truth of a very ancient adage struck my mind, namely, that money is power. Had I sufficient money I could laugh at unjust critics, for example.

I had some capital as the result of my father's death, about £8,000 in all, plus a little more that my two books had brought in. In what way could I employ it to the best advantage? I remembered that a cousin of my father, and therefore my own, was a successful stockbroker, also that there had been some affection between them. I went to him; he was a good, easy-natured man who was frankly glad to see me. I offered to put £5,000 into his business—for I was not minded to risk everything I had—if he would give me a share in the profits. He laughed heartily at my audacity.

"Why, my boy," he said, "being totally inexperienced at this game, you might lose us more than that in a month. But I like your courage—I like your courage, and the truth is that I do want help. I will think it over and write to you."

He thought it over, and in the end offered to try me for a year at a fixed salary with a promise of some kind of a partnership if I suited him. Meanwhile my £5,000 remained in my pocket.

I accepted, not without reluctance, since with the impatience of youth I wanted everything at once. I worked hard in that office, and soon mastered the business, for my knowledge of figures—I had taken a first-class mathematical degree at college—came to my aid, as in a way also did my acquaintance with Law and literature. Moreover, I had a certain aptitude for what is called high finance. Further, Fortune, as usual, showed me a favourable face.

In one year I got the partnership with a small share in the large profits of the business. In two the partner above me retired

and I took his place with a third share in the business. In three my cousin, satisfied that it was in able hands, began to cease his attendance at the office and betook himself to gardening, which was his hobby. In four I paid him out altogether, although to do this I had to borrow money on our credit, for, by agreement, the title of the firm was continued. Then came that extraordinary time of boom that many will remember to their cost. I made a bold stroke and won. On a certain Saturday, when the books were made up, I found that after discharging all liabilities I should not be worth more than £20,000. On the following Saturday, when the books were made up, I was worth £153,000! *L'appétit vient en mangeant*. It seemed nothing to me when so many were worth millions.

For the next year I worked as few have done, and when I struck a balance at the end of it I found that on the most conservative estimate I was the owner of a million and a half in hard cash, or its equivalent. I was so tired out that I remember this discovery did not excite me at all. I felt utterly weary of all wealth-hunting and of the City and its ways. Moreover, my old fastidiousness and lack of perseverance reasserted themselves. I reflected, rather late in the day perhaps, on the ruin that this speculation was bringing to thousands, of which some lamentable instances had recently come to my notice, and once more considered whether it were a suitable career for an upright man. I had wealth; why should I not take it and enjoy life?

Also—and here my business acumen came in—I was sure that these times could not last. It is easy to make money on a rising market, but when it is falling the matter is very different. In five minutes I made up my mind. I sent for my junior partners, for I had taken in two, and told them that I intended to retire at once. They were dismayed both at my loss, for really I was the firm, and because, as they pointed out, if I withdrew all my capital there would not be sufficient left to enable them to carry the business on.

One of them, a blunt and honest man, said to my face that it would be dishonourable of me to do so. I was inclined to answer him sharply, then remembered that his words were true.

"Very well," I said, "I will leave you six hundred thousand pounds on which you shall pay me five per cent. interest but no share of the profits."

On these terms we dissolved the partnership, and in a year they had lost the £600,000, for the slump came with a vengeance. It saved them, however, and to-day they are earning a reasonable income. But I have never asked them to refund that £600,000.

CHAPTER II

Bastin and Bickley

BEHOLD me once more a man without an occupation, but now the possessor of about £900,000. It was a very considerable fortune, if not a large one in England; nothing like the millions of which I had dreamed, but still enough. To make the most of it and to be sure that it remained, I invested it very well, mostly in large mortgages at 4 per cent., which, if the security is good, do not depreciate in capital value. Never again did I touch a single speculative stock. It was at this time that I bought the Fulcombe property. It cost me about £120,000 of my capital, or, with alterations, repairs, etc., say £150,000, on which sum it may pay a net 2½ per cent., not more.

This £3,700 odd I have always devoted to the upkeep of the place, which is therefore in first-rate order. The rest I live on, or save.

These arrangements, with the beautifying and furnishing of the house and the restoration of the church in memory of my father, occupied and amused me for a year or so, but when they were finished time began to hang heavy on my hands. What was the use of possessing about £20,000 a year when there was nothing upon which it could be spent?

Oh! in my small way I was like the weary King Ecclesiast. For I, too, made me great works and had possessions. But "behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

So notwithstanding my wealth and health and the deference which is the rich man's portion, especially when the limit of his riches is not known, soon it came about that I, too, hated life, and this when I was not much over thirty. I did not know what to do; for Society, as the word is generally understood, I had no taste; it bored me. The killing of creatures, under the name of sport, palled upon me; indeed, I began to doubt if it were right; while the office of a junior county magistrate in a place where there was no crime only occupied me an hour or two a month.

Lastly, my neighbours were few and, with all due deference to them, extremely dull. At least I could not understand them, because there did not seem to be anything to understand, and I am quite certain they did not understand me.

My lonesome friendlessness oppressed me so much that at last I took steps to mitigate it. In my college I had two particular friends, whom I think I must have selected because they were so absolutely different from myself.

They were named Bastin and Bickley.



"Our eyes met, and I suppose that she saw
the wonder and admiration in mine"—p. 11.

Drawn by
A. C. Michals

THE QUIVER

Bastin, Basil was his Christian name, was an uncouth, shock-headed person of large, rugged frame, and equally rugged honesty, with a mind almost incredibly simple. Nothing surprised him, because he lacked the faculty of surprise. He was like that kind of fish which lies at the bottom of the sea, and takes every sort of food into its great maw without distinguishing its flavour. Metaphorically speaking, heavenly manna and decayed cabbage were the same to Bastin. He was not fastidious. Yet he was good, so painfully good that one felt that without exertion to himself he had booked a first-class ticket straight to heaven; indeed, that his guardian angels had tied it round his neck at birth lest he should lose it, already numbered and dated like an identification disc.

I am bound to add that Bastin never went wrong because he never felt the slightest temptation to do so.

I need hardly add that he went into the Church; indeed, he could not have gone anywhere else; it absorbed him naturally, as doubtless heaven will do in due course. Only I think it probable that until they get to know him he will bore the angels so much that they will continually move him up higher. Also if they have any susceptibilities left he will probably tread upon their toes, an art in which I never knew his equal. However, I always loved Bastin, perhaps because no one else did, a fact of which he remained totally unconscious, perhaps because of his perfectly brutal way of telling one what he conceived to be the truth, which, as he had less imagination than a dormouse, it generally was not. For if the truth is a jewel, it is one coloured and veiled by many different lights and atmospheres. Among his further peculiarities were the slow, monotonous voice in which he uttered his views in long sentences and his total indifference to adverse argument.

My other friend, Bickley, was a person of a quite different character. Like Bastin, he was learned, but his tendencies ran another way. If Bastin's omnivorous throat could swallow a camel, especially a theological camel, Bickley's would strain at the smallest gnat, especially a theological gnat. The very best and most upright of men, he yet believed in nothing that he could not taste, see, or handle. He was convinced, for instance, that man is a brute-descended accident and no more, that what we call the soul or the mind is produced by a certain action of the grey matter of the brain; that everything apparently inexplicable has a perfectly mundane explanation, if only one could find it; that miracles certainly never did happen, and never will; that all religions are the fruit of human hopes and fears and the most convincing proof of human weakness; that notwith-

standing our infinite variations we are the subjects of Nature's single law and the victims of blind, black, and brutal chance.

Such was Bickley with his clever, well-cut face that always reminded me of a cameo, and thoughtful brow, his strong, capable hands, and his rather steely mouth, the mere set of which suggested argument of an uncompromising kind. Naturally, as the Church had claimed Bastin, so medicine claimed Bickley.

Now, as it happened, the man who succeeded my father as vicar of Fulcombe was given a better living and went away shortly after I had purchased the place and with it the advowson. Just at this time also I received a letter written in the large, sprawling hand of Bastin, from whom I had not heard for years. It went straight to the point, saying that he, Bastin, had seen in a Church paper that the last incumbent had resigned the living of Fulcombe which was in my gift. He would, therefore, be obliged if I would give it to him, as the place he was at in Yorkshire did not suit his wife's health. Here I may state that afterwards I learned that what did not suit Mrs. Bastin was the organist, who was pretty. She was by nature a woman with so insanely jealous a temperament that she actually managed to be suspicious of Bastin, whom she had captured in an unguarded moment when he was thinking of something else, and who would as soon have thought of even looking at any woman as he would of worshipping Baal. As a matter of fact, it took him months to know one female from another. Except as possible providers of subscribers and props of mothers' meetings, they had no interest for him.

To return. With that engaging honesty which I have mentioned, he went on to set out all his own disabilities, which, he added, would probably render him unsuitable for the place he desired to fill. He was a High Churchman, a fact which would certainly offend many; he had no claims to being a preacher, although he was extraordinarily well acquainted with the writings of the Early Fathers. (What on earth had that to do with the question, I wondered.) On the other hand, he had generally been considered a good visitor, and was fond of walking (he meant, to call on distant parishioners, but did not say so). Then followed a page and a half on the evils of the existing system of the presentation to livings by private persons, ending with the suggestion that I had probably committed a sin in buying this particular advowson in order to increase my local authority, that is, if I had bought it, a point on which he was ignorant. Finally, he informed me that as he had to christen a sick baby five miles away on a certain moor, and it was too wet for him to ride his bicycle, he must stop. And he stopped.

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK

There was, however, a P.S. to the letter, which ran as follows:

"Someone told me that you were dead a few years ago, and, of course, it may be another man of the same name who owns Fulcombe. If so, no doubt the Post Office will send back this letter."

That was his only allusion to my humble self in all those diffuse pages. It was a long while since I had received an epistle which made me laugh so much, and, of course, I gave him the living by return of post, and even informed him that I would increase its stipend to a sum which I considered suitable to the position.

About ten days later I received another letter from Bastin which, as a scrawl on the flap of the envelope informed me, he had carried for a week in his pocket and forgotten to post. Except by inference, it returned no thanks for my intended benefits. What it did say, however, was that he thought it wrong of me to have settled a matter of such importance in so great a hurry, though he had observed that rich men were nearly always selfish where their time was concerned. Moreover, he considered that I ought first to have made inquiries as to his present character and attainments, etc., etc.

To this epistle I replied by telegraph to the effect that I should as soon think of making inquiries about the character of an archangel.

Thus it came about that I appointed the Rev. Basil Bastin to the living of Fulcombe, feeling sure that he would provide me with endless amusement and act as a moral tonic and discipline. Also I appreciated the man's blunt candour. In due course he arrived, and I confess that after a few Sundays of experience I began to have doubts as to the wisdom of my choice, glad as I was to see him personally. His sermons at once bored me, and, when they did not send me to sleep, excited in me a desire for debate. How could he be so profoundly acquainted with mysteries before which the world has stood amazed for ages? Was there nothing too hot or too heavy in the spiritual way for him to dismiss in a few blundering and casual words, as he might any ordinary incident of everyday life, I wondered. Also his idea of High Church observances was not mine, or, I imagine, anybody else's. But I will not attempt to set it out.

His peculiarities, however, were easy to excuse and entirely swallowed up by the innate goodness of his nature which soon made him beloved of everyone in the place, for though he thought that most things were probably sins, I never knew him to discover a sin which he considered beyond the reach of forgiveness. Bastin was indeed a most

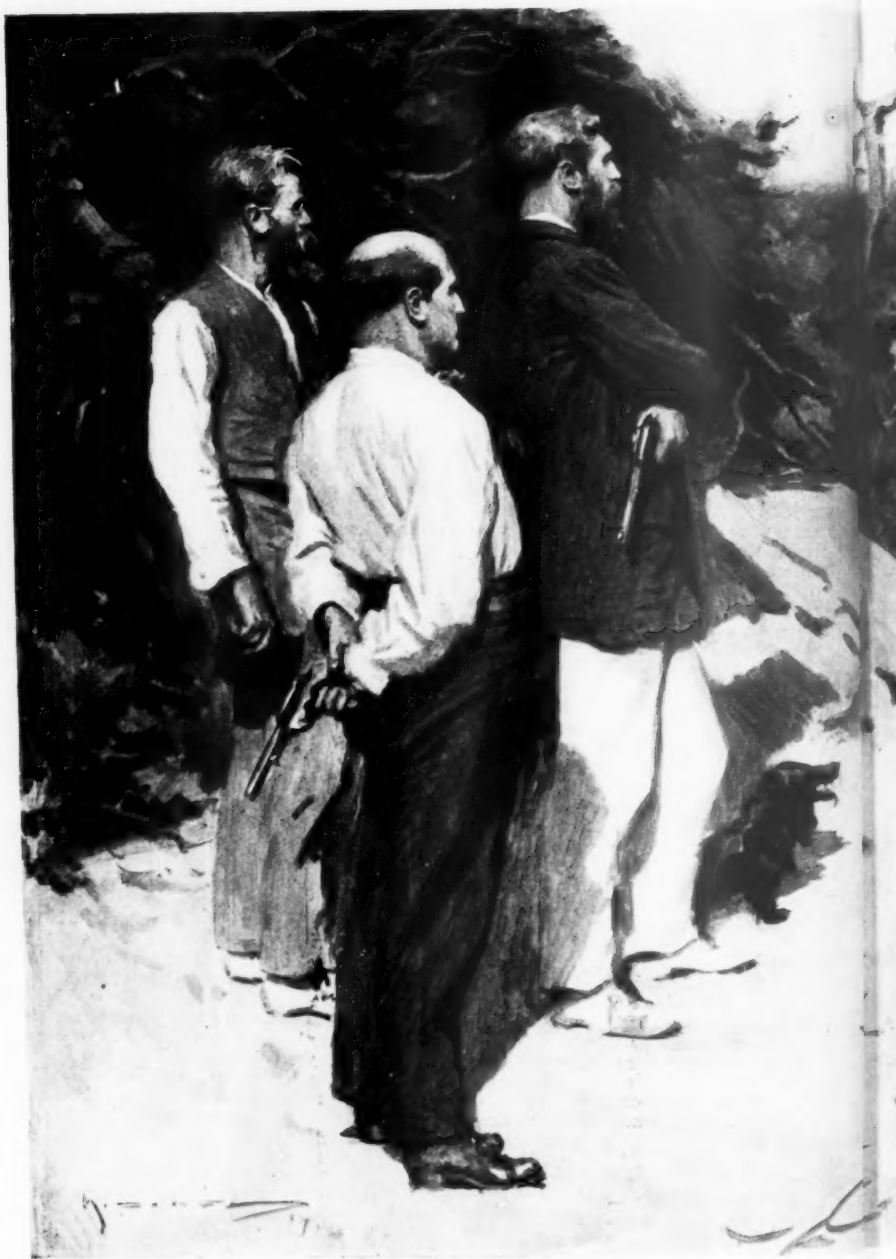
charitable man and in his way wide-minded.

The person whom I could not tolerate, however, was his wife, who to my fancy more resembled a vessel, a very unattractive vessel, full of vinegar, than a woman. She was small, plain, flat, sandy-haired, and odious, quite obsessed, moreover, with her jealousies of the Rev. Basil, at whom it pleased her to suppose every woman in the countryside under fifty was throwing herself. Here I will confess that to the best of my ability I took care that they did in outward seeming, that is, whenever she was present, instructing them to sit aside with him in darkened corners, to present him with flowers, and so forth. Several of them easily fell into the humour of the thing, and I have seen him depart from a dinner-party followed by that glowering Sarah, with a handful of rosebuds and violets, to say nothing of the traditional offerings of slippers, embroidered markers, and the like. Well, it was my only way of coming even with her, which I think she knew, for she hated me poisonously.

So much for Basil Bastin. Now for Bickley. Him I had met on several occasions since our college days, and after I was settled at the Priory, from time to time I asked him to stay with me. At length he came, and I found out that he was not at all comfortable in his London practice, which was of a nature uncongenial to him; further, that he did not get on with his partners. Then, after reflection, I made a suggestion to him. I pointed out that owing to its popularity amongst seaside visitors, the neighbourhood of Fulcombe was a rising one, and that although there were doctors in it, there was no really first-class surgeon for miles. Now, he was a first-class surgeon, having held very high hospital appointments, and, indeed, still holding them. Why, I asked, should he not come and set up here on his own? I would appoint him doctor to the estate, and also give him charge of a cottage hospital which I was endowing, with liberty to build and arrange it as he liked. Further, as I considered that it would be of great advantage to me to have a man of real ability within reach, I would guarantee for three years whatever income he was earning in London.

He thanked me warmly and in the end acted on the idea, with startling results so far as his prospects were concerned. Very soon his really remarkable skill became known, and he was earning more money than as an unmarried man he could possibly want. Indeed, scarcely a big operation took place at any town within twenty miles, and even much farther away, at which he was not called to assist.

Needless to say, his advent was a great boon to me, for as he lived in a house I let him quite near by, whenever he had a



"The crowd advanced, we standing quite still, looking as dignified as we could I, the tallest, in the middle"—p. 22.



Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

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spare evening he would drop in to dinner, and from our absolutely opposite stand-points we discussed all things human and divine. Thus I was enabled to sharpen my wits upon the hard steel of his clear intellect, which was in a sense yet so limited.

I must add that I never converted him to my way of thinking, and he never converted me to his, any more than he converted Bastin, for whom, queerly enough, he had a liking. They pounded away at each other, Bickley, frequently getting the best of it in the argument, and when at last Bastin rose to go, he always made the same remark. It was:

"It really is sad, my dear Bickley, to find a man of your intellect so utterly wrong-headed and misguided. I have convicted you of error at least half a dozen times, and not to confess it is mere pigheadedness. Good night. I am sure that Sarah will be sitting up for me."

"Silly old idiot!" Bickley would say, shaking his fist after him. "The only way to get him to see the truth would be to saw his head open and pour it in."

Such were my two most intimate friends, although I admit it was rather like the equator cultivating close relationships with the north and south poles. Certainly Bastin was as far from Bickley as those points of the universe are apart, while I, as it were, sat equidistant between the two. However, we were all very happy together, since there are few things that bind men more closely than profound differences of opinion.

Now I must turn to my more personal affairs. After all, it is impossible for a man to satisfy his soul with the husks of wealth, luxury, and indolence, supplemented by occasional theological and other arguments between his friends. Becoming profoundly convinced of this truth, I searched round for something to do, and found nothing, like Noah's dove on the waste of waters. Then I asked Bickley and Bastin for their opinions as to my best future course. Bickley proved a barren draw. He rubbed his nose and feebly suggested that I might go in for "research work," which, of course, only represented his own ambitions. I asked indignantly how I could do such a thing without any scientific qualifications whatever. He admitted the difficulty, but replied that I might endow others who had the qualifications.

"In short, become a milch cow for sucking scientists," I replied, and broke off the conversation.

Bastin's idea was, failing being ordained and becoming a missionary, that I should get married and have a large family, which might possibly advantage the nation and ultimately enrich the Kingdom of Heaven, though of such things no one could be quite sure. At any rate, he was certain that

at present I was in practice neglecting my duty, whatever it might be, and, in fact, one of those cumberers of the earth who, he observed in the newspaper he took in and read when he had time, were "very happily named, the idle rich."

"Which reminds me," he added, "that the clothing-club finances are in a perfectly scandalous condition; in fact, it is twenty-five pounds in debt, an amount that, as the squire of the parish, I consider it incumbent on you to make good, not as a charity, but as an obligation."

"Look here, my friend," I said, ignoring all the rest, "will you answer me a plain question? Have you found marriage such a success that you consider it your duty to recommend it to others? And if you have why have *you* not got the large family of which you speak?"

"Of course not," he replied with his usual frankness. "Indeed, it is in many ways so disagreeable that I am convinced it must be right and for the good of all concerned. As regards the family, I am sure I do not know; but Sarah never liked babies, which perhaps has something to do with it." And he sighed, adding: "You see, Arbutnot, we have to take things as we find them in this world, and hope for a better."

"Which is just what I am trying to do, you unilluminating old donkey!" I exclaimed, and left him there shaking his head over matters in general, but I think principally over Sarah.

By the way, I think that the villagers recognised this good lady's vinegary nature. At least they used to call her Sour Sal.

CHAPTER III

Natalie

NOW, what Bastin had said about marriage stuck in my mind as his blundering remarks had a way of doing, perhaps because of the grain of honest truth with which they were often permeated. Probably in my position it was more or less my duty to marry. But here came the rub: I had never experienced any leanings that way. I was as much a man as others, more so than many are, perhaps, and I liked women, but also they repelled me.

My old fastidiousness came in; to my taste there was always something wrong about them. While they attracted one part of my nature, they revolted another part, and I preferred to do without their intimate society, rather than work violence to this second and higher part of me. Still, true marriage such as most men and some women have dreamed of in their youth had always been one of my ideals. Since I knew this to be unattainable in our imperfect conditions, however, notwithstanding Bastin's strictures, again I dismissed the whole

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matter from my mind as a vain imagination and sought refuge in that last expedient of weary Englishmen—travel.

Yet even so was I to be brought back to Woman the Inevitable.

It happened thus. I went to Rome on my way home from India, and stayed there a while. On the day after my arrival I wrote my name in the book of our Minister to Italy, Sir Alfred Upton, not because I wished him to ask me to dinner, but for the reason that I had heard of him as a man of archaeological tastes and thought that he might enable me to see things which otherwise I should not see. As it chanced, he knew about me through some of my Devonshire neighbours who were friends of his, and did ask me to dinner on the following night. I accepted, and found myself one of a considerable party, some of them distinguished people who wore Orders, as is customary when one dines with the representative of our Sovereign. Seeing them—and this shows that in the best of us vanity is only latent—for the first time in my life I was sorry that I had none, and was only plain Mr. Arbuthnot, who, as Sir Alfred politely explained to me, must go in to dinner last, because all the rest had titles, and without even a lady as there was none to spare.

Nor was my lot bettered when I got there, as I found myself seated between an Italian countess and a Russian gentleman, neither of whom could talk English, while, alas! I knew no foreign language, not even French in which they addressed me, seeming surprised that I did not understand them. I was humiliated at my own ignorance, although in fact I was not ignorant, only my education had been classical. In my confusion it occurred to me that the Italian countess might know Latin, from which her own language was derived, and addressed her in that tongue. She stared, and Sir Alfred, who was not far off and overheard me (he also knew Latin), burst into a roar of laughter, and proceeded to explain the joke in a loud voice, first in French and then in English, to the assembled company, who all became infected with merriment and stared at me as a curiosity.

Then it was that for the first time I saw Natalie, for owing to a mistake of my driver I had arrived rather late and had not been introduced to her. As her father's Sir Alfred Upton) only daughter, her mother being dead, she was seated at the end of the table behind a fan-like arrangement of white Madonna lilies, and she had bent forward and was looking at me in such a fashion that her head from that distance seemed as though it were surrounded and crowned with lilies. Indeed, the greatest art could not have produced a more beautiful effect, which was really one of naked accident.

An angel looking down upon earth

through the lilies of heaven—that was the rather absurd thought which flashed into my mind. I did not quite realise her face at first, except that it seemed to be both dark and fair; as a fact, her waving hair, which grew rather low upon her forehead, was dark, and her large, soft eyes were grey. I did not know, and to this moment I do not know, if she was really beautiful, but certainly the light that shone through those eyes of hers, and seemed to be reflected upon her delicate features, was beauty itself. It was like that glowing through a thin vase of the purest alabaster within which a lamp is placed, and I felt this effect to arise from no accident, like that of the lily-setting, but, as it were, from the lamp of the spirit within. Our eyes met, and I suppose that she saw the wonder and admiration in mine. At any rate, her amused smile faded, leaving her face rather serious, though still sweetly serious, and a tinge of colour crept over it as the first hue of dawn creeps into a pearly sky. Then she withdrew herself behind the screen of lilies, and for the rest of that dinner, which I thought was never coming to an end, practically I saw her no more. Only I noted as she passed out that although not tall, she was rounded and graceful in shape and that her hands were peculiarly delicate.

Afterwards, in the drawing-room, her father, with whom I had had some talk at the table, introduced me to her, saying:

"My daughter is the real archaeologist, Mr. Arbuthnot, and I think that if you ask her, she may be able to help you."

Then he bustled away to speak to some of his important guests, from whom, I think, he was seeking political information.

"My father exaggerates," she said in a soft and very sympathetic voice, "but perhaps—" and she motioned me to a seat at her side.

Then we talked of the places and things that I more particularly desired to see, and—well, the end of it was that I went back to my hotel in love with Natalie, and, as she afterwards confessed, she went to bed in love with me.

It was a curious business, more like meeting a very old friend from whom one had been separated by circumstances for a score of years or so than anything else. We were, so to speak, intimate from the first; we knew all about each other, although here and there was something new, something different which we could not remember; lines of thought, veins of memory which we did not possess in common. On one point I am absolutely clear; it was not solely the everyday and ancient appeal of woman to man and man to woman which drew us together, though doubtless this had its part in our attachment as under our human conditions it must do, seeing that it is Nature's bait to ensure the continuance of the race.

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It was something more, something entirely beyond that elementary impulse.

At any rate, we loved, and one evening, in the shelter of the solemn walls of the great Coliseum at Rome, which at that hour were shut to all except ourselves, we confessed our love. I really think we must

it seemed to be the most fitting altar upon which to offer our hearts and all that causes them to beat, each to the other.

So Natalie and I were betrothed within a month of our first meeting. Within three we were married, for what was there to prevent or delay? Naturally Sir Alfred was

delighted, seeing that he had small private resources, and I was able to make ample provision for his daughter, who had hitherto shown herself somewhat difficult in this business of matrimony and now was bordering on her twenty-seventh year. Everybody was delighted, everything went as smoothly as a sledge sliding down a slope of frozen snow, and the mists of time hid whatever might be at the end of the slope. Probably a plain, at the worst the upward rise of ordinary life.

That is what we thought, if we thought at all. Certainly we never dreamed of a precipice. Why should we who were young, by comparison, quite healthy, and very rich? Who thinks of precipices under such circumstances, when disaster seems to be eliminated and death is yet a long way off?

And yet we ought to have done so, because we ought to have known that smooth surfaces without impediment to the runners always end in something of the kind.

I am bound to say that when we returned home to Fulcombe, where, of course, we met with a great reception, including the ringing (out of tune) of the new peal of bells that I had given to the church, Bastin made haste to point this out.

"Your wife seems a very nice and beautiful lady, Arbuthnot," he said after dinner, when Mrs. Bastin, glowering as usual, had been escorted from the room by Natalie, "and really, when

*Drawn
by
A. C. Michael.*

"Then she bent down ostensibly to pat Tomm . . . really, I knew, it was to hide her tears"—p. 14.

have chosen the spot by tacit but mutual consent because we felt it to be fitting. It was so old, so impregnated with every human experience, from the direst crime of the tyrant who thought himself a god, to the sublimest sacrifice of the martyr who already was half a god; with every vice and virtue that lies between these extremes, that

I come to think of it, you are an unusually fortunate person. You have a great deal of money, much more than you ought to possess, which you seem to have done very little to earn and do not spend quite as I should like to see you do, and this nice little property, that by right should be owned by a great number of people as,

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according to the views you express, I should have thought you would acknowledge, and everything else that a man can want. It is very strange that you should be so favoured not because of any peculiar merits of your own which one can see. However, I have no doubt it will all come out even in the end and you will get your share of troubles, like others. Perhaps Mrs. Arbuthnot will have no children as there is so much for them to take. Or perhaps you will lose all your money and have to work for your living, which might be good for you. Or," he added, still thinking aloud after his fashion, "perhaps she will die young—she has that kind of face—although, of course, I hope she won't," he added, waking up.

I do not know why, but his words struck me cold; the proverbial funeral bell at the marriage feast was nothing to them. I suppose it was because in a flash of intuition I knew that they would come true. Perhaps this uncanny knowledge overcame my natural indignation at such super *gaucherie* of which no one but Bastin would have been capable, and even prevented me from replying at all, so I merely sat still and looked at him.

But Bickley did reply, and with some vigour.

"Forgive me for saying so, Bastin," he said, bristling all over as it were, "but your remarks seem to me to be in singularly bad taste."

"Why?" asked Bastin blandly. "I only said what I thought to be the truth. The truth is better than what you call good taste."

"Then I will say what I think to be the truth," replied Bickley, growing furious. "It is that you use your Christianity as a cloak for bad manners. It teaches consideration and sympathy for others of which you seem to have none. Moreover, since you talk of the death of people's wives, I will tell you something about your own, as a doctor, which I can do as I never attended her. It is highly probable that she will die before Mrs. Arbuthnot, who is quite a healthy person with a good prospect of life."

"Perhaps," said Bastin. "If so, it will be God's will, and I shall not complain"—here Bickley snorted—"though I do not see what you can know about it."

Let it not be supposed from the above scene that there was any ill-feeling between Bastin and Bickley. On the contrary, they were much attached to each other, and this kind of quarrel meant no more than the strong expression of their individual views to which they were accustomed from their college days.

Here I may state that Bickley's keen professional eye was not mistaken when he diagnosed Mrs. Bastin's state of health as dangerous. As a matter of fact, she was

suffering from heart disease, that a doctor can often recognise by the colour of the lips, etc., which brought about her death under the following circumstances. Her husband attended some ecclesiastical function at a town over twenty miles away, and was to have returned by a train which would have brought him home about five o'clock. As he did not arrive she waited at the station for him until the last train came in about seven o'clock—without the beloved Basil. Then, on a winter's night, she tore up to the Priory and begged me to lend her a dog-cart in which to drive to the said town to look for him. I expostulated against the folly of such a proceeding, saying that no doubt Basil was safe enough but had forgotten to telegraph, or thought that he would save the sixpence which the hire would cost. Then it came out, to Natalie's and my intense amusement, that all this was the result of her jealous nature of which I have spoken. She said she had never slept a night away from her husband since they were married, and with so many "designing persons" about she could not say what might happen if she did so, especially as he was "such a favourite and so handsome." (Bastin was quite a fine-looking man in his way.)

I suggested that she might have a little confidence in him, to which she replied darkly that she had no confidence in anybody.

The end of it was that I lent her the cart with a fast horse and a good driver, and off she went. Reaching the town in question some two and a half hours later, she searched high and low through wind and sleet, but found no Basil. He, it appeared, had gone on to Exeter to look at the cathedral where some building was being done, and, missing the last train, had there slept the night.

About one in the morning, after being nearly locked up as a mad woman, she drove back to the vicarage, again to find no Basil. Even then she did not go to bed, but raged about the house in her wet clothes, until she fell down utterly exhausted. When her husband did return, full of information about the cathedral, she was dangerously ill, and actually passed away while uttering a violent tirade against him for his supposed suspicious proceedings.

That was the end of this truly odious British matron.

In after days Bastin, by some peculiar mental process, canonised her in his imagination as a kind of saint. "So loving," he would say; "such a devoted wife. Why, my dear Humphrey, I can assure you that even in the midst of her death-struggle her last thoughts were of me," words that caused Bickley to snort with more than usual vigour, until I kicked him to silence beneath the table.

THE QUIVER

CHAPTER IV

Death and Departure

NOW I must tell of my own terrible sorrow which turned my life to bitterness and my hopes to ashes.

Never were a man and woman happier than I and Natalie. Mentally, physically, spiritually, we were perfectly mated, and we loved each other dearly. Truly we were as one. Yet there was something about her which filled me with vague fears, especially after she found that she was to become a mother. I would talk to her of the child, but she would sigh and shake her head, her eyes filling with tears, and say that we must not count on the continuance of such happiness as ours, for it was too great.

I tried to laugh away her doubts, though whenever I did so I seemed to hear Bastin's slow voice remarking that she might die. At last, however, I grew terrified and asked her bluntly what she meant.

"I don't quite know, dearest," she replied, "especially as I am wonderfully well. But—but—"

"But what?" I asked.

"But I think our companionship is going to be broken for a little while."

"For a little while!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Humphrey. I think that I shall be taken away from you—you know what I mean," and she nodded towards the churchyard.

"Oh, heavens!" I groaned.

"I want to say this," she added quickly, "that if such a thing should happen, as it happens every day, I implore you, dearest Humphrey, not to be too much distressed, since I am sure you will find me again. No, I can't explain how or when or where, because I do not know. I have prayed for light, but it has not come to me. All I know is that I am not talking of re-union in Mr. Bastin's kind of conventional heaven, which he speaks about as though to reach it one stumbled through darkness for a minute into a fine new house next door where excellent servants had made everything ready for your arrival and all the lights were turned up. It is something altogether different from that and very much more real."

Then she bent down ostensibly to pat the head of a little black cocker spaniel called Tommy which had been given to her as a puppy, a highly intelligent and affectionate animal we both adored, and that loved her as only a dog can love. Really, I knew, it was to hide her tears, and fled from the room lest she should see mine.

As I went I heard the dog whimpering in a peculiar way, as though some sympathetic knowledge had been communicated to its wonderful animal intelligence.

That night I spoke to Bickley about the

matter, repeating exactly what had passed. As I expected, he smiled in his grave, rather sarcastic way, and made light of it.

"My dear Humphrey," he said, "don't torment yourself with such fancies. They are of everyday experience among women in your wife's condition. Sometimes they take one form, sometimes another. When she has got her baby you will hear no more about them."

I tried to be comforted, but in vain.

The days and weeks went by like a nightmare, and in due course the event happened. Bickley was not attending the case; it was not in his line, he said, and he preferred that where a friend's wife was concerned somebody else should be called in. So it was put in charge of a very good local man with a large experience in such domestic matters.

How am I to tell of it? Everything went wrong. As for details, let them be. Ultimately Bickley did operate, and if surpassing skill could have saved her, it would have been done. But the other man had misjudged the conditions; it was too late. Nothing could help either mother or child, a little girl, who died shortly after she was born, but not before she had been christened, also by the name of Natalie.

I was called in to say farewell to my wife and found her radiant, triumphant even in her weakness.

"I know now," she whispered in a faint voice. "I understood as the chloroform passed away, but I cannot tell you. Everything is quite well, my darling. Go where you seem called to go, far away. Oh! the wonderful place in which you will find me, not knowing that you have found me. Good-bye for a little while; only for a little while, my own, my own!"

Then she died. And for a time I, too, seemed to die, but could not. I buried her and the child here at Fulcombe; or, rather, I buried their ashes, since I could not endure that her beloved body should see corruption.

On the advice of Bickley, during the next few months I did some writing which occupied my thoughts for a while, more or less. It lies in my safe to this minute, for somehow I have never been able to make up my mind to burn what cost me so much physical and mental toil.

When it was finished my melancholy returned on me with added force. Everything in the house took a tongue and cried to me of past days. Its walls echoed a voice that I could never hear again; in the very looking-glasses I saw the reflection of a lost presence. Although I had moved myself for the purposes of sleep to a little room at the farther end of the building, footsteps seemed to creep about my bed at night, and I heard the rustle of a remembered dress without the door. The place

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grew hateful to me. I felt that I must get away from it or I should go mad.

One afternoon Bastin arrived carrying a book and in a state of high indignation. This work, written, as he said, by some ribald raveler, grossly traduced the character of missionaries to the South Sea Islands, especially of those of the society to which he subscribed, and he threw it on the table in his righteous wrath. Bickley picked it up and opened it at a photograph of a very pretty South Sea Island girl clad in a few flowers and nothing else, which he held towards Bastin, saying:

"Is this child of Nature what you object to? I call her distinctly attractive."

"The devil is always attractive," replied Bastin gloomily. "Child of Nature indeed! I call her Child of Sin. It is enough to make my poor Sarah turn in her grave."

"Why?" asked Bickley, "seeing that wide seas roll between you and this dusky Venus. Perhaps she" (he referred to the late Mrs. Bastin) "would have preferred her like this," and he held up another illustration of the same woman.

In this the native belle appeared clad in broken-down stays—I suppose they were stays—out of which she seemed to bulge and flow in every direction, a dirty white dress several sizes too small, and a kind of bonnet without a crown, the general effect being hideous and, in some curious way, improper.

"Certainly," said Bastin; "I admit her clothes do not seem to fit, and she has not buttoned them up as she ought. But it is not of the pictures, it is of the letterpress with its false and scandalous accusations that I complain."

"Why do you complain?" asked Bickley. "Probably it is quite true, though that we could never ascertain without visiting the lady's home."

"If I could afford it," explained Bastin with rising anger, "I should like to go and expose this vile traducer of my cloth."

"So should I," answered Bickley, "and expose these introducers of consumption, measles, and other European diseases, to say nothing of gin, among an innocent and Arcadian people."

"How can you call them innocent, Bickley, when they murder and eat missionaries?"

"I dare say we should all eat a missionary, Bastin, if we were hungry enough," was the answer, after which something occurred to change the conversation.

But I kept the book and read it as a neutral observer, and came to the conclusion that these South Sea Islands, a land where it was always afternoon, must be a charming place, in which perhaps the stars of the tropics and the scent of the flowers might

enable one to forget a little, or at least take the edge off memory. Why should I not visit them and escape another long and dreary winter? No, I could not do so alone. If Bastin and Bickley were there, their eternal arguments might amuse me. Well, why should they not come also? When one has money things can always be arranged.

The idea, which had its root in this absurd conversation, took a curious hold on me. I thought of it all the evening, being alone, and that night it re-rose in my dreams. I dreamed that my lost Natalie appeared to me and showed me a picture. It was of a long, low land, a curving shore of which the ends were out of the picture, whereon grew tall palms and great combers broke upon gleaming sand. Then the picture seemed to become a reality, and I saw Natalie herself, strangely changeful in her aspect, strangely varying in face and figure, strangely bright, standing in the mouth of a pass whereof the little cliffs were covered with bushes and low trees whose green was almost hid in lovely flowers. There in my dream she stood, smiling mysteriously, and stretched out her arms towards me.

As I awoke I seemed to hear her voice, repeating her dying words: "Go where you seem called to go, far away. Oh! the wonderful place in which you will find me, not knowing that you have found me!"

With some variation this dream visited me twice that night. In the morning I woke up quite determined that I would go to the South Sea Islands, even if I must do so alone. On that same evening Bastin and Bickley dined with me. I said nothing to them about my dream, for Bastin never dreamed, and Bickley would have set it down to indigestion. But when the cloth had been cleared away I remarked casually that they both looked very run down and as though they wanted a rest. They agreed, at least each of them said he had noticed it in the other. Indeed, Bastin added that the damp and the cold in the church, in which he held daily services to no congregation except the old woman who cleaned it, had given him rheumatism, which prevented him from sleeping.

"Do call things by their proper names," interrupted Bickley. "I told you yesterday that what you are suffering from is neuritis in your right arm, which will become chronic if you neglect it much longer. I have the same thing myself, so I ought to know, and unless I can stop operating for a while I believe my fingers will become useless. Also something is affecting my sight, overstrain, I suppose, so that I am obliged to wear stronger and stronger glasses. I think I shall have to leave Ogden"—his partner "in charge for a while, and get away into the sun. There is none here before June."

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"I would if I could pay a *locum tenens* and was quite sure it isn't wrong," said Bastin.

"I am glad you both think like that," I remarked, "as I have a suggestion to make to you. I want to go to the South Seas about which we were talking yesterday, to get the thorough change that Bickley has been advising for me, and I should be very grateful if you would both come as my guests. You, Bickley, make so much money out of cutting people about that you can arrange your own affairs during your absence. But as for you, Bastin, I will see to the wherewithal for the *locum tenens* and everything else."

"You are very kind," said Bastin, "and certainly I should like to expose that misguided author, also to show Bickley that he is not always right, as he seems to think. But I could never dream of accepting without the full approval of the bishop."

"As for that," said Bickley, "I don't think he will raise any objection when he sees the certificate I will give you about the state of your health. He is a great believer in me ever since I took that carbuncle out of his neck, which he got because he will not eat enough. As for me, I mean to come if only to show you how continually and persistently you are wrong. But, Arbutnot, how do you mean to go?"

"I don't know. In a mail steamer, I suppose."

"If you can run to it, a yacht would be much better."

"That's a good idea, for one could get out of the beaten tracks and see the places that are never, or seldom, visited. I will make some inquiries."

I made my inquiries through a London agency which hired out yachts, or sold them to the idle rich. As I expected, there were plenty to be had, at a price. Rich as I was, the figure asked of the buyer of any suitable craft staggered me. In the end, however, I chartered one for six months certain and at so much per month for as long as I liked afterwards. The owners paid insurance and everything else on condition that they appointed the captain and first mate, also the engineer, for this yacht, which was named *Star of the South*, could steam at about ten knots as well as sail.

I know nothing about yachts, and therefore shall not attempt to describe her, further than to say that she was of five hundred and fifty tons, very well built and smart to look at, as well she might be, seeing that a deceased millionaire, from whose executors I hired her, had spent a fortune in building and equipping her in the best possible style. In all her crew consisted of thirty-two hands. A peculiarity of the vessel was that, owing to some

fancy of the late owner, the passenger accommodation, which was splendid, lay forward of the bridge, this, with the ship's store-rooms, refrigerating chamber, etc., being almost in the bows. It was owing to these arrangements, which were unusual, that the executors found it impossible to sell, and were therefore glad to accept such an offer as mine in order to save expenses. Perhaps they hoped that she might go to the bottom, being heavily insured. If so, the Fates did not disappoint them.

The captain, named Astley, was a jovial person, who held every kind of certificate. He seemed so extraordinarily able at his business that personally I suspected him of having made mistakes in the course of his career, not unconnected with the worship of Bacchus. In this I believe I was right, otherwise a man of such attainments would have been commanding something bigger than a private yacht. The first mate, Jacobson, was a melancholy Dane, a spiritualist, who played the accordion and seemed to be able to do without sleep. The crew were a mixed lot, good men for the most part and quite unobjectionable, more than half of them being Scandinavian. I think that is all I need say about the *Star of the South*.

The arrangement was that the *Star of the South* should proceed through the Straits of Gibraltar to Marseilles, where we would join her, and thence travel, via the Suez Canal, to Australia and on to the South Seas, returning home as our fancy or convenience might dictate.

All the first part of this plan we carried out to the letter. Of the remainder I say nothing at present.

The *Star of the South* was amply provided with every kind of store. Among them were medicines and surgical instruments selected by Bickley, and a case of Bibles and other religious works, in sundry languages of the South Seas, selected by Bastin, whose bishop, when he understood the pious objects of his journey, had rather encouraged than hindered his departure on sick leave, and a large number of novels and books of reference, etc., laid in by myself. She duly sailed from the Thames and reached Marseilles after a safe and easy passage, where all three of us boarded her. I forgot to add that she had another passenger, the little spaniel, Tommy. I had intended to leave him behind, but while I was packing up he followed me about with such evident understanding of my purpose, that my heart was touched. When I entered the motor to drive to the station he escaped from the hands of the servant, whimpering, and took refuge on my knee. After this I felt that Destiny intended him to be our companion. Moreover, was he not linked with my dead past, and, had I but known it, with my living future also?



"The captain came down into the saloon
very white and shaken"—p. 19.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

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CHAPTER V

The Cyclone

WE enjoyed our voyage exceedingly. In Egypt, a land I was glad to revisit, we only stopped a week while the *Star of the South*, which we rejoined at Suez, coaled and went through the Canal. This, however, gave us time to spend a few days in Cairo, visit the Pyramids and Sakkara which Bastin and Bickley had never seen before, and inspect the great Museum. A journey up the Nile was postponed until our return.

Our passage down the Red Sea was cool and agreeable. Thence we shaped our course for Ceylon. Here again we stopped a little while and ran up to Kandy, and to visit the ruined city of Anarajapura with its great Buddhist topes that, of course, gave rise to religious argument between my two friends. Leaving Ceylon we struck across the Indian Ocean for Perth in Western Australia.

It was a long voyage, since to save our coal we made most of it under canvas.

However, we were not dull, as Captain Astley was a good companion, and even out of the melancholy Dane Jacobson we had entertainment. He insisted on holding sances in the cabin, at which the usual phenomena occurred. The table twisted about, voices were heard, and Jacobson's accordion wailed out tunes above our heads. These happenings drove Bickley to a kind of madness, for here were events which he could not explain. He was convinced that someone was playing tricks upon him and devised the most elaborate snares to detect the rogue, entirely without result.

I should have said that, principally with a view to putting themselves in a position to confute each other, ever since we had started from Marseilles both Bastin and Bickley spent a number of hours each day in assiduous study of the language of the South Sea Islands. It became a kind of competition between them as to which could learn the most. Now Bastin, although simple and even stupid in some ways, was a good scholar, and as I knew at college, had quite a faculty for acquiring languages in which he had taken high marks at examinations. Bickley, too, was an extraordinarily able person with an excellent memory, especially when he was on his mettle. The result was that before ever we reached a South Sea Island they had a good working knowledge of the local tongues.

As it chanced, too, at Perth we picked up a Samoan and his wife who, under some of the "white Australia" regulations, were not allowed to remain in the country, and offered to work as servants in return for a passage to Apia, where we proposed to call some time or other. With these people

Bastin and Bickley talked all day long till really they became fairly proficient in their soft and beautiful dialect. They wished me to learn also; but I said that with two such excellent interpreters, and the natives while they remained with us, it seemed quite unnecessary. Still I picked up a good deal in a quiet way—as much as they did perhaps.

At length, travelling on and on as a voyager to the planet Mars might do, we sighted the low shores of Australia, and that same evening were towed—for our coal was quite exhausted—to the wharf of Fremantle. Here we spent a few days exploring the beautiful town of Perth and its neighbourhood. Then we departed for Melbourne almost before our arrival was generally known, since I did not wish to advertise our presence or the object of our journey.

We crossed the Great Australian Bight, of evil reputation, in the most perfect weather; indeed, it might have been a mill-pond, and after a short stay at Melbourne went on to Sydney, where we coaled again and laid in supplies.

Then our real journey began. The plan we laid out was to sail to Suva in Fiji, about 1,700 miles away, and after a stay there, on to Hawaii or the Sandwich Islands, stopping perhaps at the Phoenix Islands and the Central Polynesian Sporades, such as Christmas and Fanning Isles. Then we proposed to turn south again through the Marshall Archipelago and the Caroline Islands, and so on to New Guinea and the Coral Sea. Particularly did we wish to visit Easter Island on account of its marvellous sculptures that are supposed to be the relics of a prehistoric race. In truth we had no fixed plan except to go wherever circumstances and chance might take us. Chance, I may add, or something else, took full advantage of its opportunities.

We came to Suva in safety and spent a while in exploring the beautiful Fiji Isles, where both Bastin and Bickley made full inquiries about the work of the missionaries, each of them drawing exactly opposite conclusions from the same set of admitted facts. Thence we steamed to Samoa and put our two natives ashore at Apia, where we procured some coal. We did not stay long enough in these islands to investigate them, however, because persons of experience there assured us from certain familiar signs that one of the terrible hurricanes with which they are afflicted was shortly due to arrive, and that we should do well to put ourselves beyond its reach. So, having coaled and watered, we departed in a hurry.

Up to this time, I should state, we had met with the most wonderful good fortune in the matter of weather, so good, indeed, that never on one occasion since we

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left Marseilles had we been obliged to put the fiddles on the table. With the superstition of a sailor, Captain Astley, when I alluded to the matter, shook his head, saying that doubtless we should pay for it later on, since "luck never goes all the way," and a cyclone was reported to be about.

It was on the fourth day, when we were roughly seven hundred miles or more north of Samoa, that we met the edge of this gale about sundown. The captain put on steam in the hope of pushing through it, but that night we dined for the first time with the fiddles on, and by eleven o'clock it was as much as one could do to stand in the cabin, while the water was washing freely over the deck. Fortunately, however, the wind veered more aft of us, so that by putting about her head a little (seamen must forgive me if I talk of these matters as a land-lubber) we ran almost before the wind, though not quite in the direction that we wished to go.

When the light came it was blowing very hard indeed and the sky was utterly overcast, so that we got no glimpse of the sun, or of the stars on the following night. Unfortunately there was no moon visible; indeed, if there had been I do not suppose that it would have helped us because of the thick pall of clouds. For quite seventy-two hours we ran on beneath bare poles before that gale. The little vessel behaved splendidly, riding the seas like a duck, but I could see that Captain Astley was growing alarmed. When I said something complimentary to him about the conduct of the *Star of the South*, he replied that she was forging ahead all right, but the question was—where to? He had been unable to take an observation of any sort since we left Samoa; both his patent logs had been carried away, so that now only the compass remained, and he had not the slightest idea where we were in that great ocean studded with atolls and islands.

I asked him whether we could not steam back to our proper course, but he answered that to do so he would have to travel dead in the eye of the gale, and he doubted whether the engines would stand it. Also there was the question of coal to be considered. However, he had kept the fires going and would do what he could if the weather moderated.

That night during dinner, which now consisted of tinned foods and some water, for the seas had got to the galley fire, suddenly the gale dropped, whereat we rejoiced exceedingly. The captain came down into the saloon very white and shaken. I thought, and I asked him to have something to warm him up, and congratulated him that we had run out of the wind.

"What, man!" he said with a hoarse laugh. "Run out of the wind? Look at the glass!"

"We have," said Bickley, "and it is wonderfully steady. About 29 degrees or a little over, which it has been for the last three days."

Again he laughed in a mirthless fashion, as he answered:

"Oh! that thing—that's the passengers' glass. I told the steward to put it out of gear so that you might not be frightened; it is an old trick. Look at this," and he produced one of the portable variety out of his pocket.

We looked, and it stood somewhere between 27 and 28 degrees.

"That the lowest glass I ever saw in the Polynesian or any other seas during thirty years. It's right, too, for I have tested it by three others."

"What does it mean?" I asked rather anxiously.

"South Sea cyclone of the worst breed," he replied. "Pray as you never prayed before." Thereon he laughed for the third time and left the cabin. Though I saw him once or twice afterwards, these were really the last words of intelligible conversation I ever had with Captain Astley.

Bickley suggested that we should go on deck to see what was happening. So we went. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and even the sea seemed to be settling down a little; at least so we judged from the motion, for we could not see either it or the sky; everything was as black as pitch. We heard the sailors, however, engaged in rigging guide-ropes fore and aft and battenning down the hatches with extra tarpaulins by the light of lanterns. Also they were putting ropes round the boats and doing something to the spars and topmasts.

Presently Bastin, who had followed the captain's advice, and offered up petitions, joined us.

"Really, it is quite pleasant here," he said. "One never knows how disagreeable so much wind is until it stops."

I lit my pipe, making no answer, and the match burned quite steadily there in the open air.

"What is that?" exclaimed Bickley, staring at something which I now saw for the first time. It looked like a line of white approaching through the gloom. With it came a hissing sound, and although there was still no wind, the rigging began to moan mysteriously like a thing in pain. A big drop of water also fell from the skies on to my pipe and put it out. Then one of the sailors cried in a hoarse voice:

"Get down below, Governors, unless you want to go out to sea."

"Why?" inquired Bastin.

"Why? Becos the 'urricane is coming, that's all. Coming as though the devil had kicked it out of 'ell!"

Bastin seemed inclined to remonstrate at this sort of language, but we pushed him

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down the companion and followed, propelling the spaniel, Tommy, in front of us. Next moment I heard the sailors battenning the hatch with hurried blows, and when this was done to their satisfaction, heard their feet also running into shelter.

Another instant and we were all lying in a heap on the cabin floor, with poor Tommy on top of us. The cyclone had struck the ship! Above the wash of water and the screaming of the gale we heard other mysterious sounds, which doubtless were caused by the yards hitting the seas, for the yacht was lying on her side. I thought that all was over, but presently there came a rending, crashing noise. The masts, or one of them, had gone, and by degrees we righted. "Near thing!" said Bickley. "Good heavens! what's that?"

I listened, for the electric light had temporarily gone out, owing, I suppose, to the dynamo having stopped for a moment. A most unholy and hollow sound was rising from the cabin floor. The light came on again, and we saw Bastin lying at full length on the carpet.

"He's broken his neck or something," I said.

Bickley crept to him and looked, then sang out:

"It's all right. He's only sea-sick. I thought it would come to that if he drank so much tea."

"Sea-sick," I said faintly, "sea-sick?"

"That's all," said Bickley, "the nerves of the stomach acting on the brain, or vice versa—that is, if Bastin has a brain," he added *sotto voce*.

"Oh!" groaned Bastin, "I wish that I were dead."

Somehow we got him into his cabin, which opened off the saloon, and Bickley managed to inject morphia, or some other compound, into him, which made him insensible for a long while.

"He must be in a poor way," he said, "for the needle went more than a quarter of an inch into him and he never cried out or stirred. Couldn't help it in that rolling."

By now I could hear the engine working, and I think that the bow of the vessel was got head on to the seas, for instead of rolling we pitched, or rather the ship stood first upon one end and then upon the other. This continued for a while until the first burst of the cyclone had gone by. Then suddenly the engine stopped; I suppose that it had broken down, but I never learned, and we seemed to veer about, nearly sinking in the process, and to run before the hurricane at terrific speed.

"I wonder where we are going to?" I said to Bickley.

"To the land of sleep, old fellow, I imagine," he replied in a more gentle voice than I had often heard him use, adding,

"Good-bye, old boy. We have been real

friends, haven't we, notwithstanding my peculiarities? I only wish that I could think that there was anything in Bastin's views. But I can't—I can't. It's good night for us poor creatures."

CHAPTER VI

Land

AT last the electric light really went out. I had looked at my watch just before this happened and wound it up, which Bickley remarked was superfluous and a waste of energy. It then marked 3.20 in the morning. We had wedged Bastin, who was snoring comfortably, into his berth with pillows and managed to tie a cord over him—no, it was a large bath-towel—fixing one end of it to the little rack over his bed and the other to its framework. As for ourselves, we lay down on the floor between the table legs, which, of course, were screwed, and the settee, protecting ourselves as best we were able by help of the cushions, between two of which we thrust the terrified Tommy, who had been sliding up and down the cabin floor. Thus we remained, expecting death every moment, till the light of day, a very dim light, struggled through a port-hole of which the iron cover had somehow been wrenched off. Or perhaps it was never shut; I do not remember.

About this time there came a lull in the hellish, howling hurricane, the fact being, I suppose, that we had reached the centre of the cyclone. I suggested that we should try to go on deck to see what was happening. So we started, only to find that the entrance to the companion was so faithfully secured we could not by any means get out. We knocked and shouted, but no one answered. My belief is that at this time everyone on the yacht except ourselves had been washed away and drowned.

Then we returned to the saloon, which, except for a little water trickling about the floor, was marvellously dry, and being hungry, retrieved some bits of food and biscuit from its corners and ate. At this moment the cyclone began to blow again worse than ever, but it seemed to us, from another direction, and before it sped our poor derelict barque. It blew all day, till for my part I grew utterly weary, and even longed for the inevitable end. If my views were not quite those of Bastin, certainly they were not those of Bickley. I had believed from my youth up that the individuality of man, the *ego*, so to speak, does not die when the life goes out of his poor body, and this faith did not desert me then. Therefore, I wished to have it over and learn what there might be upon the other side.

We could not speak much because of the howling of the wind, but Bickley did

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manage to shout to me something to the effect that his partners would, in his opinion, make an end of their great practice within two years, which, he added, was a pity. I nodded my head, not caring twopence what happened to Bickley's partners or their business, or to my own property, or to anything else. When death is at hand most of us do not think much of such things, because we realise how small they are. Indeed, I was wondering whether within a few minutes or hours I should or should not see Natalie again, and if this were the end to which she had seemed to beckon me in that dream.

The darkness gathered once more. Then of a sudden something fearful happened. There were stupendous noises of a kind I had never heard; there were convulsions. It seemed to us that the ship was flung right up into the air a hundred feet or more.

"Tidal wave, I expect," shouted Bickley.

Almost while he spoke he came down with the most appalling crash on to something hard and nearly jarred the senses out of us. Next the saloon was whirling round and round and yet being carried forward, and we felt air blowing upon us. Then our senses left us. As I clasped Tommy to my side, whimpering and licking my face, my last thought was that all was over and that presently I should learn everything—or nothing

I woke up feeling very bruised and sore, and perceived that light was flowing into the saloon. The door was still shut, but it had been wrenched off its hinges, and that was where the light came in; also some of the teak planks of the decking, jagged and splintered, were sticking up through the carpet. The table had broken from its fastenings and lay upon its side. Everything else was one confusion. I looked at Bickley. Apparently he had not awakened. He was stretched out, still wedged in with his cushions and bleeding from a wound in his head. I crept to him in terror and listened. He was not dead, for his breathing was regular and natural. With some effort I managed to wake him.

"Where are we now?" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that Bastin is right after all, and that we live again somewhere else? Oh! I could never bear that ignominy."

"I don't know about living somewhere else," I said, "although my opinions on that matter differ from yours. But I do know that you and I are still on earth in what remains of the saloon of the *Star of the South*."

"Thank God for that! Let's go and look for old Bastin," said Bickley. "I do pray that he is all right also."

"It is most illogical of you, and indeed wrong," groaned a deep voice from the other side of the cabin door, "to thank a God in Whom you do not believe, and to

talk of praying for one of the worst and most inefficient of His servants."

"Got you there, my friend," I said.

Bickley murmured something about force of habit, and looked smaller than I had ever seen him do before.

Somehow we forced that door open; it was not easy because it had jammed. Within the cabin, hanging on either side of the towel, which had stood the strain nobly, something like a damp garment over a linen line, was Bastin, most of whose bunk seemed to have disappeared—yes, Bastin, pale and dishevelled and locking shrunk, with his hair tousled and his beard apparently growing all ways, but still alive, if very weak.

Bickley ran at him and made a cursory examination with his fingers.

"Nothing broken," he said triumphantly. "He's all right."

"If you had hung over a towel for many hours you would not say that," groaned Bastin. "My inside is a pulp. But perhaps you would be kind enough to untie me."

"Bosh!" said Bickley, as he obeyed. "All you want is something to eat." We hunted about and found some more of the biscuits and other food, with which we filled ourselves after a fashion.

"I wonder what has happened?" said Bastin. "I suppose that, thanks to the skill of the captain, we have, after all, reached the haven where we would be." Here he stopped, rubbed his eyes and looked towards the saloon door, which, as I have said, had been wrenched off its hinges, but appeared to have opened wider than when I observed it last. Also Tommy, who was recovering his spirits, uttered a series of low growls.

"It is a most curious thing," he said, "and I suppose I must be suffering from hallucinations, but I could swear that just now I saw looking through that door the same improper young woman clothed in a few flowers and nothing else, whose photograph in that abominable and libellous book was indirectly the cause of our tempestuous voyage."

"Indeed!" said Bickley. "Well, so long as she has not got on the broken-down stays and the bonnet without a crown, which you may remember she wore after she had fallen into the hands of your fraternity, I am sure I do not mind. In fact, I should be delighted to see anything so pleasant."

At this moment a distinct sound of female tittering arose from beyond the door. Tommy barked, and Bickley stepped towards it, but I called to him:

"Look out! Where there are women there are sure to be men. Let us be ready against accidents." So we armed ourselves with pistols—that is, Bickley and I did, Bastin being fortified solely with a Bible.

Then we advanced, a remarkable and dilapidated trio, and dragged the door wide.

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Instantly there was a scurry, and we caught sight of women's forms, wearing only flowers, and but few of these, running over white sand towards groups of men armed with odd-looking clubs, some of which were fashioned to the shapes of swords and spears. To make an impression, I fired two shots with my revolver into the air, whereupon both men and women fled into groves of trees and vanished.

"They don't seem to be accustomed to white people," said Bickley. "Is it possible that we have found a shore upon which no missionary has set a foot?"

"I hope so," said Bastin, "seeing that, unworthy as I am, the opportunities for me would be very great."

We stood still and looked about us. This was what we saw. All the after part of the ship from forward of the bridge had vanished utterly; there was not a trace of it. She had, as it were, been cut in two. More, we were some considerable distance from the sea, which was still raging over a quarter of a mile away, where great white combers struck upon a reef and spouted into the air. Behind us was a cliff, apparently of rock, but covered with earth and vegetation, and against this cliff, in which the prow of the ship was buried, she, or what remained of her, had come to anchor for the last time.

"You see what has happened," I said. "A great tidal wave has carried us up here and retreated."

"That's it," exclaimed Bickley. "Look at the debris," and he pointed to torn-up palms, bushes, and seaweed piled into heaps which still ran salt water; also to numbers of dead fish that lay about among them, adding, "Well, we are saved, anyhow."

"And yet there are people who say that there is no Providence!" ejaculated Bastin.

"Let's get down and look about us," I remarked, being anxious to avoid argument.

So we scrambled from the remnant of the ship, like Noah descending out of the Ark, as Bastin said, on to the beach, where Tommy rushed to and fro, gambolling for joy. Here we discovered a path which ran diagonally up the side of a cliff, which was nowhere more than fifty or sixty feet in height, and had possibly once formed the shore of this land, or perhaps that of a lake. Up this path we went, following the tracks of many human feet, and, reaching the crest of the cliff, looked about us, basking as we did so in the beautiful morning sun, for the sky was now clear of clouds, and with that last awful effort the cyclone had passed away.

We were standing on a plain down which ran a little stream of good water, whereof Tommy drank greedily, we following his example. To the right and left of this plain, farther than we could see, stretched bushland, over which towered many palms,

rather ragged now because of the lashing of the gale. Looking inland we perceived that the ground sloped gently downwards, ending at a distance of some miles in a large lake. Far out in this lake something like the top of a mountain of a brown colour rose above the water, and on the edge of it was what from that distance appeared to be tumbled ruins.

"This is all very interesting," I said to Bickley. "What do you make of it?"

"I don't quite know. At first sight I should say that we are standing on the lip of a crater of some vast extinct volcano. Look how it curves to north and south and at the slope running down to the lake."

I nodded.

"Lucky that that tidal wave did not get over the cliff," I said. "If it had the people here would have all been drowned out. I wonder where they have gone."

As I spoke Bastin pointed to the edge of the bush some hundreds of yards away, where we perceived brown figures slipping about among the trees. I suggested that we should go back to the mouth of our path, so as to have a line of retreat open in case of necessity, and await events. So we did, and there stood still. By degrees the brown figures emerged into the plain to the number of some hundreds, and we saw that they were both male and female. The women were clothed in nothing except flowers and a little girdle; the men were all armed with wooden weapons and wore a girdle, but no flowers. The children, of whom there were a number, were quite naked. Among these people we saw also a tall person, clothed in what seemed to be a magnificent feather cloak, and walking around and about him a number of grotesque forms adorned with hideous masks and basket-like head-dresses that seemed to be surmounted by a number of plumes.

"The king or chief and his priests or medicine-men! This is splendid," said Bickley triumphantly.

Bastin also contemplated them with enthusiasm as raw material upon which he hoped to get to work.

By degrees and very cautiously they approached us. To our joy, we perceived that in front of them walked several young women, who bore wooden trays of food or fruit.

"That looks well," I said; "they would not make offerings unless they were friendly."

"The food may be poisoned," remarked Bickley suspiciously.

The crowd advanced, we standing quite still, looking as dignified as we could, I as the tallest in the middle, with Tommy sitting at my feet. When they were about five-and-twenty yards away, however, that wretched little dog caught sight of the masked priests. He growled and then

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rushed at them barking, his long black ears flapping as he went.

The effect was instantaneous. One and all turned and fled precipitately, who evidently had never before seen a dog and looked upon it as a deadly creature. Yes, even the tall chief and his masked medicine-men fled like hares, pursued by Tommy, who bit one of them in the leg, evoking a terrific howl. I called him back and took him into my arms. Seeing that he was safe for a while the crowd reformed and once again advanced.

As they came we noted that they were a wonderfully handsome people, tall and straight, with regularly shaped features and nothing of the negro about them. Some of the young women might even be called beautiful, though those who were elderly had become corpulent. The feather-cloaked chief, however, was much disfigured by a huge growth with a narrow stalk to it that hung from his neck and rested on his shoulder.

"I'll have that off him before he is a week older," said Bickley, surveying this deformity with great professional interest.

On they came, the girls with the platters walking ahead. On one of these was what looked like joints of baked pork, on another were some plantains and pear-shaped fruits. These they knelt down and offered to us. We contemplated them for a while. Then Bickley shook his head and began to rub his stomach with appropriate contortions. Clearly they were quick-minded enough, for they saw the point. At some words the girls brought the platters to the chief and others, who took from them portions of the food at hazard and ate them to show that it was not poisoned, we watching their throats the while to make sure that it was swallowed. Then they returned again, and we took some of the food, though only Bickley ate, because, as I pointed out to him, he being a doctor who understood the use of antidotes clearly should make the experiment. However, nothing happened; indeed, he said that it was very good.

After this there came a pause. Then suddenly Bastin took up his parable in the Polynesian tongue which he had acquired, to a certain extent, with so much pains.

"What is this place called?" he asked slowly and distinctly, pausing between each word.

His audience shook their heads and he tried again, putting the accents on different syllables. Behold, some bright spirit understood him, and answered:

"Orofena."

"That means a hill or an island, or a hill in an island," whispered Bickley to me.

"Who is your God?" asked Bastin again.

The point seemed one upon which they were a little doubtful, but at last the chief answered:

"Oro. He who fights."

"In other words, Mars," said Bickley.

"I will give you a better one," said Bastin in the same slow fashion.

Thinking that he referred to himself, these children of Nature contemplated his angular form doubtfully and shook their heads. Then for the first time one of the men who was wearing a mask and a wicker crate on his head, spoke in a hollow voice, saying:

"If you try, Oro will eat you up."

"Head priest," said Bickley, nudging me. "Old Bastin had better be careful or this man'll get his teeth into him and call them Oro's."

Another pause, after which the man in a feather cloak with the growth on his neck, that now a servant was supporting, said:

"I am Marama, the chief of Orofena. We have never seen men like you before, if you are men. What brought you here and with you that fierce and terrible animal, or evil spirit, which makes a noise and bites?"

Now Bickley pretended to consult me, who stood brooding and majestic—that is, if I can be majestic. I whispered something, and he answered:

"The gods of the wind and the sea."

"What nonsense," ejaculated Bastin; "there are no such things."

"Shut up," I said; "we must use similes here." To which he replied:

"I don't like similes that tamper with the truth."

"Remember Neptune and Æolus," I suggested, and he lapsed into consideration of the point.

"We knew that you were coming," said Marama. "Our doctors told us all about you a moon ago. But we wish that you would come more gently, as you nearly washed away our country."

After looking at me, Bickley replied:

"How thankful should you be that in our kindness we have spared you."

"What do you come to do?" inquired Marama again.

After the usual formula of consulting me, Bickley answered:

"We come to take that mountain"—he meant lump—"off your neck and make you beautiful; also to cure all the sickness among your people."

"And I come," broke in Bastin, "to give you new hearts."

These announcements evidently caused great excitement. After consultation, Marama answered:

"We do not want new hearts as the old ones are good, but we wish to be rid of lumps and sicknesses. If you can do this we will make you gods and worship you and give you many wives." (Here Bastin held up his hands in horror.) "When will you begin to take away the lumps?"

"To-morrow," said Bickley; "but learn that if you try to harm us we will bring

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another wave which will drown ail your country."

Nobody seemed to doubt our capacities in this direction; but one inquiring spirit in a wicker crate did ask how it came about that if we controlled the ocean we had arrived in half a canoe instead of a whole one.

Bickley replied to the effect that it was because the gods always travelled in half-canoes to show their higher nature, which seemed to satisfy everyone. Then we announced that we had seen enough of them for that day and would retire to think. Meanwhile we should be obliged if they would build us a house and keep us supplied with whatever food they had.

So our first interview with the inhabitants of Orofena came to an end, on which we congratulated ourselves.

On reaching the remains of the *Star of the South* we set to work to take stock of what was left to us. Fortunately it proved to be a very great deal. As I think I mentioned, all the passenger part of the yacht lay forward of the bridge, just in front of which the vessel had been broken in two, almost as cleanly as though she were severed by a gigantic knife. Further, our stores were forward, and practically everything else that belonged to us, even down to Bickley's instruments and medicines and Bastin's religious works, to say nothing of a great quantity of tinned food and groceries. Lastly, on the deck above the saloon had stood two large lifeboats. Although these were amply secured at the commencement of the gale, one of them, that on the port side, was smashed to smithereens; probably some spar had fallen upon it. The starboard boat, however, remained practically intact, and so far as we could judge, seaworthy, although the bulwarks were broken by the waves.

"There's something we can get away in if necessary," I said.

"Where to?" remarked Bastin. "We don't know where we are or if there is any other land within a thousand miles. I think we had better stop here as Providence seems to have intended, especially when there is so much work to my hand."

"Be careful," answered Bickley, "that the work of your hand does not end in the cutting of all our throats. I believe that these untutored children of Nature sometimes eat missionaries."

"Yes, I have heard that," said Bastin; "but I don't know that they would care to eat

me," and he glanced at his bony limbs, "especially when you are so much plumper. Anyway, one can't stop for a risk of that sort."

Deigning no reply, Bickley walked away to fetch some fine fish which had been washed up by the tidal wave and were still flapping about in a little pool of salt water. Then we took counsel as how to make the best of our circumstances, and as a result set to work to tidy up the saloon and cabin, which was not difficult, as what remained of the ship lay on an even keel. Also we got out some necessary stores, including paraffin for the swinging lamps—with which the ship was fitted in case of accident to the electric light—candles, and the guns we had brought with us so that they might be handy in the event of attack. These things done, by the aid of the spare tools that were in the storerooms, Bickley, who was an excellent carpenter, repaired the saloon door, all that was necessary to keep us private, as the bulkhead still remained.

"Now," he said triumphantly, when he had finished and got the lock and bolts to work to his satisfaction, "we can stand a siege if needful, for, as the ship is iron-built, they can't even burn us out, and that teak door would take some forcing. Also we can shore it up."

"How about something to eat? I want my tea," said Bastin.

"Then, my friend," replied Bickley, "take a couple of the fire buckets and fetch some water from the stream. Also collect drift wood, of which there is plenty about, clean those fish, and grill them over the saloon stove."

"I'll try," said Bastin, "but I never did any cooking before."

"No," replied Bickley, "on second thoughts I will see to that myself, but you can get the fish ready."

So, with due precautions, Bastin and I fetched water from the stream, which we found flowed over the edge of the cliff quite close at hand into a beautiful coral basin that might have been designed for a bath of the nymphs. Indeed, one at a time, while the other watched, we undressed and plunged into it, and never was a tub more welcome than after our long days of tempest. Then we returned to find that Bickley had already set the table and was engaged in very skilfully frying the fish on the saloon stove, which proved to be well adapted to the purpose. Bastin boiled the water for the tea, and we had a very welcome meal.

(End of Chapter Six.)





One of the Egyptian Labour Parties singing for Work.

*Western Front
Official Photo.*

WAR AND THE WHIRLPOOL OF THE RACES

Babel Serving Armageddon

By BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.

TWO brown-faced, black-haired wounded men lay in a hospital in London unable to speak to nurse or doctor or ward-mate. They could not talk to those around them—not because of shell-shock or wound, but because they talked a strange language that no one knew.

A lady, struck with the pathos of their position, found out all that she could about them from the military authorities, and then ransacked London to discover whether any person spoke the language that was the mother-tongue of the two men. As a fact, there are only two English people in all Britain who can speak that tongue. Probably there are not a dozen white people in

the world who can do so. By ingenious and persevering "detective" work the lady discovered these two at Ealing, in Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawes, veteran missionaries of the London Missionary Society, who have given a working life-time of service to that little island in the far-off wastes of the South Pacific from which these brown, wounded soldiers came—the Island of Niue.

Niue, that tiny rocky spot on the vast expanse of the ocean, was called Savage Island by Captain Cook when he discovered it; for the wild savages who thronged the shore daunted even the indomitable spirit of our greatest naval explorer. But where even he failed, a native Christian Polynesian from another island succeeded. The

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"Two brown-faced, black-haired men"
—with Mrs. Lawes as Interpreter.

Photo:
E. Mathews.

island became a haunt of peace, and came under the protecting wing of Britain. So that when the challenge of Germany to the world came in 1914, the "Little Child of the Empire," as Niué called itself, offered its tiny quota of volunteers to resist the aggression of the mightiest armies in the world. And the two young wounded Tommies in London were members of that heroic band who had come across the world to the trenches and mud of Flanders and France.

II

TALKING to those two men through the interpretership of Mrs. Lawes, and looking into their strangely simple virile faces, I was thrilled by the mingled tragedy and glory of the interracial whirlpool into which the hurricane of war has lashed the peoples of the world: the tragedy that out of a vile and cynical plot of world-domination should have come uprooting, and the agony of wounds and death to myriads of men of Asia and Africa and the islands of the seas; the glory that those peoples, without counting the cost, have thrown their labour and

strife into the battle for a just and enduring peace.

For those two men are simply a type of that amazing multi-coloured medley of races that have been drawn into the maelstrom of the war. The facts of that racial whirlpool constitute the strangest of all the wonders of the war and present the most baffling of all the problems that must be faced at its conclusion. Yet those facts are little known beyond inner official circles, and, indeed, cannot be published in detail till the war is over.

Consider at the outset the bare catalogue of the races with a map of the world before you. From the remoter islands of the South Pacific, Niuéans, Samoans, Maoris and others joined the New Zealand forces and crossed to Flanders and Gallipoli. The men of Japan scoured the seas in their battleships and destroyers and have joined the Western Allies in hunting the Mediterranean for submarines. From the early days of the war till now armadas of Indians have sailed west. The khaki turban of India has been seen on the lake shores of Central Africa, on the long line of the Uganda railway, in the defiles of the Balkans, on the barren ridges of Gallipoli, in the ancient path of the Philistine and the Canaanite, in the streets of Jerusalem, on the banks of the Jordan, and most of all along the reaches of the Tigris and Euphrates. Men of North-American Indian blood have crossed the Great Water to share with their country the brunt of the later stages of the war.

From the northern coasts of Africa the children of the Sahara came to the aid of the French. From the great island of Madagascar many thousands of troops and of labourers sailed for France; while from the East came Annamese and other Oriental peoples to exchange the leisure of sub-tropical security for the rigours of war.

Africa, from veldt and forest and lake, assembled her labourers by the thousand upon thousand, and poured them across the seas to hew and dig and carry in the fields and camps and docks of France.

On the vast plains of China a great re-

WAR AND THE WHIRLPOOL OF THE RACES

cruiting movement drew tens of thousands of men who have now crossed half the world to labour behind the fighting forces of France and Britain and America.

The Allied front as a whole sees a medley of races from every continent of the world. It is a strange patchwork of the religions of the world, with its Animists and Confucianists, its Mohammedans and Buddhists, its Christians and Hindus. It is Babel serving Armageddon.

III

THE simple catalogue of the races is sufficiently impressive. When viewed, however, in detail, the complexity, the immensity of this inter-racial blending and its significance for the future grow on the mind as not to be paralleled in any movement of humanity that history has ever experienced.

The Indian contribution is by far the most important—as it is also the most romantic of all the racial contributions. The swift movement by which, at the outset of the war, India offered its men and its treasure was the most splendid and eloquent gesture that the war has witnessed. Since that day short, wiry, audacious Gurkhas, tall, bearded, fierce Sikhs, men from all the mountains and valleys of the Punjab and from the South, have made good that first offer by laying down their lives on every British front.

No power of force could possibly have wrung from an unwilling Indian people spread over a territory so vast any contribution to the war. On the contrary, the Teutonic method of dragooning a shivering subject people would have produced revolutionary resistance. But India leapt willingly to our side.

The result was absolutely epoch-making. For if India had done what the Germans expected, if she had failed us either by apathy or by rebellion, Arabia would (in the absence of the Mesopotamian expedition) have been under the heel of Turkey, Egypt would have been in great peril, and with

it the communications of the Empire might have been cut.

The numbers of these fellow-citizens of the British Empire who have voluntarily thrown in their lot with it in the conflict with the Central Empires of Europe are now stupendous. At the outbreak of war the total strength of the Indian Native Army (Indian ranks only) was 216,000, including reserves. Between that day and this there have been added to that army by *voluntary recruitment* over one million men for all arms and branches of Army service. And it is significant that the most recent months have been record months for recruiting. The result is that when the war has been going on for over four years, India is actually handing over new units in addition to maintaining her great armies.

Moreover, we have to thank Indian workmen for the construction of more than half of the vessels now plying on the Tigris keeping open the lines of communication, for providing a thousand miles of telegraph system, and for the provision of all the rails, sleepers, engines and rolling stock for Mesopotamia, Egypt and East Africa, as well as for sending to France and Britain untold



An Indian Barber plying his Trade on the Western Front.

Official Photo.

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quantities of sandbags, hides, wool, jute, and food.

From the northern coasts of Africa swarthy warriors, whose ancestors fought for Islam against the Christian Franks under Charles Martel at Tours twelve centuries ago, are now in line with the armies of France against the armed might of a common enemy. To the aid of the French there have also come from their great island of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean thousands of Malagasy troops and labourers. The Malagasy, a curiously interesting mixed race, belonging more to the civilisation of the Indian Ocean than to that of their gigantic neighbour Africa, are thus drawn out of isolation into the world-war. Many of them have amply earned the decorations for bravery before Verdun and in other crises of the war; and Malagasy units have been repeatedly mentioned in dispatches for great gallantry and devotion to duty under fierce enemy attack. Malagasy-speaking French missionaries are living and working among them, and are trying to make the rigours of war in Europe endurable.

From Annam and other parts of France's Eastern dominions, Oriental subjects have come to serve in particular on the Salonika front.

From different parts of Africa, south of the equator,

many thousands of negroes have sailed to France to work in the docks, on the land, and in the timber yards, hewing wood and drawing water, feeding the guns with munitions, and laying the rails behind the

lines. Here, again, the native pastors trained by the missionary societies, and missionaries themselves, knowing as they do the languages of the men, are able to help in a thousand ways to ameliorate their years of exile, and minimise the drastic effects of European winters upon tropical peoples.

Last of all, but most significant as a portent of the future, there have sailed from China tens of thousands of men who are labouring to-day in France behind the lines. They are cutting and laying the sleepers and the rails that bear men and guns and shells and rations to the front; they are making roads and draining swamps, helping in transport, putting down water supply systems, and building huts.

They have come into Europe to help us. And through their impassive, inscrutable eyes they are judging Europe at war. Their

life here, their experiences of the vast and profound upheaval of war, their whole thought about us will run through all Chinese life when they return. They come from the most numerous people



The Parson—

Official Photo.



—and a Group of Native N.C.O.s at a Black Labour Camp in France.

Official Photo

WAR AND THE WHIRLPOOL OF THE RACES



From the Far East to the
Battlefields of Europe.

Official
Photo.

A group of Chinese soldiers on the Salonika front.

in the world, living in a land of inexhaustible resources of coal and iron, and, indeed, of almost every element of commercial, industrial, military and naval power.

It is within the bounds of cold truth to say that the whole future of the civilisation of the world after this war will depend on whether the newly awakened consciousness of their unnumbered millions of fellow-countrymen in China turns towards militaristic domination or the peaceful development of inter-racial brotherhood.

IV

THE homesickness and loneliness of these men of all races for the first time a thousand leagues away from the ancestral homes of their race is often intolerable. And of course it is relatively little that even the most sympathetic European who is ignorant of their language can do to take away that feeling.

If we multiply a thousandfold the scene revealed in the following story, and translate it into a score of different languages, we have some notion of what it all means: "When I tried to cheer a group of coughing patients lying in a barn one morning," writes an Indian missionary, who has been under fire with his Indians again and again, "by saying that the springtide had come, and it would soon be sunny and warm, one replied, 'Sahib, it is many months since we came to France, but we have seen nothing but rain, mud, or snow; we cannot believe that it can ever be sunny and warm in this land. Oh that we were back in India!'"

For this very reason a wonderful change has taken place in the mind of the military authorities in relation to the man who more intimately than any other knows the very tissue of the life of these peoples and the popular idiom of their language—the missionary.

Again and again, in the early

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V

stages of the war, the missionary whose services were offered was grudgingly admitted; but the effect of the life of the missionary among the men was simply electrical, transforming the sullen and dull resentment of the new environment into a happy and alert readiness to work and serve the common cause.

A single example out of a multitude will illustrate this. The Rev. A. W. MacMillan, a young missionary of the London Missionary Society, was travelling alone in France and was surprised to meet an Indian Christian from Almora on the fringe of the Himalayas.

"Henry," says Mr. MacMillan, "was equally surprised to see me, for he had only been in France a few weeks. Going along to his camp, I found everyone feeling the loneliness of the surroundings, so promised a visit on the following Wednesday. When the day came the Captain told me that the anticipation of the entertainment had brightened their spirits and caused them to work far more vigorously.

"We soon fixed up the sheet in of the dormitories, and had 500 men seated. First the gramophone delighted them with its Indian music, then they were amused to see me don my silk turban and sacred thread; they were amused to see 'living pictures,' especially the riverside scenes at Benares, but far and away the views that excited them most were the photos of their own beloved Almora, and its lakes and mountains, etc. Cheer after cheer went up; it was thrilling to hear them!

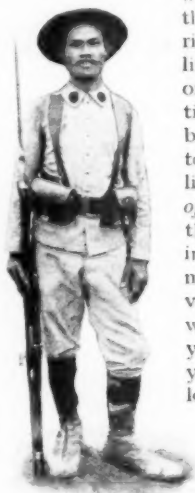
The few Tommies that were present will never forget the enthusiasm of that evening—neither shall I—and at the end there followed the personal conversations. Some of the men remembered having seen me in Almora; one had been taught at our Ramsay College. Merry, happy hillmen they are; there are several such companies, each with its few Christians. Yes, we hope to meet again, amid the grandeur of those giant Himalayan mountains where all is so peaceful; meanwhile we will make the best of the present situation."

THEY "will make the best of the situation" to-day. But what will come to-morrow when they shall have returned to the foothills of the Himalayas, the villages of Annam, the prodigious plains of China, the veldt and forests of Africa, and the seclusion of Madagascar? Nothing will be as it was; for the agelong barriers have broken down. The day of separation is ended. The races that have served together in the war must live in intercourse with one another after the war.

How dramatically complete the oneness of the world has become through the steamships and railway lines that carry the arterial blood of humanity pulsating through the body of the world, and the cables and the wireless that send their messages along the nerves of the earth to the remotest limbs, came home to me in a simple but significant incident.

In a London restaurant I saw a group of brown-faced soldiers in New Zealand uniform, and—seeing that they were obviously South Sea Islanders—went to talk with them. They hailed from Samoa. Their presence was the picture-symbol of that revolution in

world conditions which has brought the remotest "pearl of the Pacific" right into the swim of the world's life, and, therefore, into the vortex of the world-war. The imagination was quickened at the remembrance that there are people alive to-day in whose youth John Williams first sailed *The Messenger of Peace* to the island from which those men came, and stopped the inter-tribal war that was setting mountain sides ablaze with burning villages. When John Williams was there in the Pacific it took a year for news to reach him; two years to get an answer to a letter. To-day the Samoans read on any given day the news of the war of the day before, and cinemas present the South Sea Islanders with living pictures of the battles of the Somme and of the night of the battleships at sea.



An Annamite Warrior
on the Salonika
Front.

(Official Photo.)

THE SOUL TRIUMPHANT

If we look at the whole scene from Raratonga to Johannesburg, from Peking to Paris, from Antananarivo to the Punjab, and from Morocco to Vancouver, in the long perspective of history, it will be clear that a unique thing has happened. The world is one. Tremendous currents of inter-racial feeling will now run through all the continents. They will run to distrust and suspicion issuing in hate and a more tremendous war that will draw in the armed men of Asia by scores of millions, or they will issue in a world-league of nations and races based on a world-union of hearts and minds. There is no middle way.

That is, beyond all doubt, the supreme issue of the next half century, and the supreme issue for the future of the world. To lay the foundations of that world-union is, therefore, the highest aim to which the



An Indian Sentry on Guard at the Hangars.

Photo: Official Central News.

energies of any living being can be devoted in the days of reconstruction and renewal that lie immediately before us.



THE SOUL TRIUMPHANT

BLACKNESS, descend if thou wilt in thy terror;

Fever my pillow with shapes full of dread;

Thou canst not dismay while I know of a surety

After the night.

Morn will bring light.

Grief, do thy worst to blot out all my gladness;

Bow down my heart 'neath thy dull crushing weight;

Thou think'st thou hast conquer'd—when, lo! without warning,

Like sunshine through rain,

Joy shines through pain.

Hate, fill thy full of thy lust for destruction;

Torture my breast with thy murd'rous design;

Thou canst not be victor while yet there is left me

Here or above,

One soul to love.

Death, wouldst thou, too, show thy face to affright me?

Thou who, though mightiest, art vanquished for aye,

List once again to the message triumphant—

Through Death's dark strife,

Christ giveth life!

E. M. WILLIAMS.

The Story of the



ONE-LEGGED MAN

By STEPHEN DAKEYNE

This story is fearfully unorthodox, but it gives a sidelight on war-service, and some valuable hints on reconstruction.

I HEARD the story in a soldiers' hut. It was told me by one of the helpers after I asked him what was the name of the one-legged man with a D.C.M. ribbon, who had given an inspiring lecture the previous evening on "After the War Problems." The helper had looked at me through his large tortoiseshell spectacles and asked:

"Would you like to hear all about him? It's rather a human kind of yarn."

I agreed, and so he started.

Remember, this all happened in 1915, in the days when we thought Russia would roll out Germany by August, before the group system or conscription, when our motto was "Folly at the helm," or "Business as usual."

* * * * *

"Letting off tripe on us cuts no ice!"

The condemnatory words floated across the sandy waste which separated Oliver Musgrave's tent from the hut in which two critical sergeants were discussing the address which he had given at that afternoon's meeting, and every syllable was audible in the silence of the training camp. They stung young Musgrave, so that his thoughts would not collect themselves, for not through want of preparation had he failed, and his

mind raced along wondering how he could touch the hearts of the officers and men among whom he had come to work.

He threw himself out of the canvas chair, part of the very new camp equipment, put on his Chaplain's cap marked by the triangle of the institution, and strode out on to the sands. Three miles away glimmered the chimneys of Northport, the popular seaside resort to which a stream of khaki was pouring, but he turned the other way and tramped into the darkening twilight. He walked along fiercely, his whole self full of resentment at the contemptuous words of the two men, switching his cane, so that in his excitement, in the growing darkness, he nearly hit an old man walking towards him.

"Steady, there, steady, sir," said a voice which Musgrave recognised immediately.

"Excuse me, but isn't that Dr. Philpotts?" he asked.

"Yes, yes—and ah! now I know you. You are Musgrave—Jerningham Exhibitioner. Well, how are you getting on?" inquired Dr. Philpotts, with eyes blinking behind his spectacles.

Musgrave, after the strangeness of camp life, felt at once cheered to meet again the former Dean of his college.

"I was rather at a loose end after failing

THE STORY OF THE ONE-LEGGED MAN

in the All Souls' Fellowship exam. My heart is not strong, and when the war broke out last year I applied for a commission with the B.E.F. The military authorities sent me to be examined, but the Medical Board would not pass me, so I offered my services to the soldiers' hut as lecturer and preacher, and here I am."

"I'm delighted to hear it," replied the old Dean. "Come and walk part of the way back with me to Northport. I'm staying at the Hydro there. Now tell me all about your work."

The kindly words of sympathy seemed to open the floodgates, and Musgrave made full confession.

"Well, I'm afraid I'm not making much headway—cutting much ice"—the sergeant's words rang in his head. "Of course, I never expected to feel at home among Army folk. But the other fellows, both officers and men, freeze into their shells whenever I go near them, and I never know what to talk to them about. I don't believe one of them has ever read the 'Iliad' or dreamt of an elegiac."

Dr. Philpotts smiled to himself.

"Yes. It must be difficult for you. Let me see, you never rowed at Oxford, if I remember rightly?"

"No, my heart has always been too weak for me to play games. Then, too, we never played games at Trumpington Council School."

"Yes, yes. You worked very steadily, too, for your Second in Mods."

Dr. Philpotts recollected how Musgrave, working his way up from the bottom, had been noted for "stewing" in his room day and night, and added, "But it must be difficult now. I shall have to find you a coach, I see."

"A coach?" asked Musgrave wonderingly.

"Yes," chuckled the old man. "The war has taught me very clearly that purely

academic education is very one-sided. You, if I may venture to say so, are suffering from the defects of that education. You are an admirable and accurate scholar, to my own certain knowledge. Your essay for the Craven was admirable. But now that you have to live among certain young men of your own age, lefty fellows who have had to keep up their heads in the old commercial markets, you naturally feel strange."

"I feel very sorry about it," said Musgrave humbly.

"We shall soon put that right. Don't worry. The fact that you are trying to do this difficult and trying work assures me of that. Come to dinner with me at the Hydro tomorrow at 7.30."

Musgrave returned to camp puzzled yet somehow comforted by the old man's assurance. He seemed to understand so quickly how anxious he really was to carry out the high duties of his vocation.

The following evening Musgrave met Dr. Philpotts, who introduced him to a clean-shaven oldish man.

"Allow me to introduce 'coach' and 'pup'!" said the old

man with a smile. "Oliver Musgrave, who won a brilliant First in Greats for the college two years ago, and Mr. Featherstone, who produced the *Buds of Aristophanes* for the Oxford University Dramatic Society last year in a manner which has never been surpassed."

Musgrave looked with curiosity at the actor whose name has been famous on the London stage for many a year. He found a very courteous and suave man whose eyes were a perpetual twinkle.

"Mr. Featherstone happens to be staying in the Hydro too," explained Dr. Philpotts. "He knows all the circumstances, and if you are willing, has agreed to act as your guide, philosopher and friend along the road which you must tread if you are to reach the human heart with your message. Are you prepared to put yourself in our joint care?"



"That's old
Faity Crunp!"
—p. 34.

THE QUIVER

Musgrave agreed, and he continued:

"Now listen to my proposition. You are allowed out of your hut three nights a week—isn't that so, Musgrave?"

Musgrave nodded.

"Good. On those three evenings each week you will report here at 5.30, and Mr. Featherstone will take charge. Now he will explain his part of the programme."

Featherstone leant forward.

"Each evening you come to me, I shall dress you up in some disguise, and like two twentieth century 'Harron al Raschids,' we will wander out to see the world together, arm-in-arm, and we will see how the other half lives."

Accordingly, on Thursday, Musgrave found himself slipping out of his soldiers' hut uniform and getting into a neat blue striped lounge suit with a light gamboge bow tie.

"We must give you a lovelock," said Featherstone, as he streaked a brush with pomatum over Musgrave's hair.

"But suppose I am recognised," said Musgrave, looking rather aghast at the 'Arryish figure which he presented in the mirror. "Some of the men might happen to see me when I'm out."

"No danger of that," said Dr. Philpotts. "You are not going to make your researches into human nature in Northport. That wouldn't be safe, and the range is limited. No, I've arranged for a car to run you over to Whitepool. It's only half an hour's run, but as there is no train service except round the junction no troops from here ever go there. So you're quite safe."

"Now remember your part to-night," said Featherstone. "You are Jack Royd from Bradford. Your work is in a flannel mill, where you are making flannel for the

Red Cross. That's a reserved occupation, which accounts for your being out of khaki."

"And where are we going to-night?" asked Musgrave.

"We're going to the ballroom in the Winter Gardens at Whitepool to dance for the evening!"

Musgrave's jaw fell. His feet were always

like snow-ploughs when trying to dance, and music to him was a medley of noises. However, he had accepted, and the same doggedness which had enabled him to win scholarship after scholarship and climb the ladder from Elementary School to the University helped him to carry through.

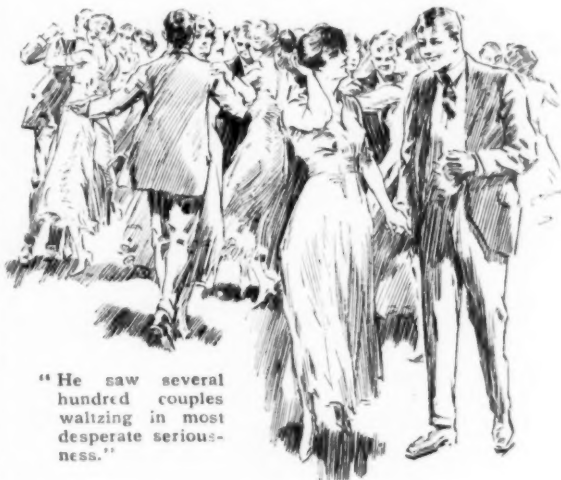
Featherstone half an hour later nodded his head gaily to the plump old gentleman who stood in gorgeous evening dress at the entrance to the Gardens.

"That's old Fatty Crump. He runs the theatre—started as an acrobat on the Halls, and is now an Alderman of this town."

Musgrave looked at the old gentleman with the interest of Odysseus in a Satyr, but was to make his closer acquaintance, for he rolled forward, hand outstretched.

"Stars and garters, Featherstone—this is indeed the *bon chance*. It's it. Now, old boy, how waggles the world? Soft and low as the years run away? Ah, it must be twenty years since you were here with *The Middleman*. Just think of it! Now, what's this lad here for? Dancing? Good. All the best-looking wenches in Lancashire and Yorkshire are here to-night—all smiling and happy, and no wonder after months at the looms."

So he babbled on, but in time the two got away from their convivial host.



"He saw several hundred couples waltzing in most desperate seriousness."

THE STORY OF THE ONE-LEGGED MAN

"Now have you ever met a character like that before?" asked Featherstone.

"No, indeed," said Oliver. "The nearest approach to him was our college cook!"

"Well," said Featherstone, "he's one of the most generous and kind-hearted men I've ever known. Many a pro. stranded here has been helped out by a fiver to get back to town. He's just a walking benefactor!"

Musgrave's outlook gave a jog, as he tried to adjust his point of view, but he had little time for reflection, for after passing down several gorgeous passages, he found himself in the ballroom with a floor hung on chains, and the whole place a blaze of electric light and mirrors. He hesitated a little on the threshold, for he had always understood that the dancing at Whitepool was diabolical in origin, spiced with the perfume of Montmartre.

Instead he saw several hundred couples waltzing in most desperate seriousness, all as proper as young ladies at a dancing-class, not talking much, so intent were they on their steps.

"There," exclaimed Featherstone, "you see the industrial North having a joy ride. They have all learnt dancing—probably have dances every Saturday in their mills and shops—and it's a rare treat for them to dance on a floor like this!"

"If I'd known the dancing was like this I should not have condemned it in my address last Sunday afternoon," confessed Musgrave.

"It's all right as long as these young people can enjoy themselves in a jolly company and in this light.

"Calvin don't do for this twentieth century," he went on. "Those young folk have been working very long hours in humid mills making shirts for soldiers. In another year most of the lads will be soldiers themselves, and I'm all for them letting off steam here."

At this point a Master of Ceremonies stepped up and asked if they would join in the quadrilles. Featherstone accepted for both, so that, before he realised where he

was, Musgrave had been introduced most ceremoniously to Miss Trowd, a pale-faced girl.

"I'm afraid I've never d-d-danced quadrilles in my life," Musgrave stammered.

"That's all right. I'll pull you through, never fear. Just leave it to me." The words were quite distinct and commanding, and they were followed by orders at each set, pushing him through. He looked at the self-possessed little figure, and during a lull ventured to ask her:

"What do you do when you're not at Whitepool?"

"Wrap shaving soap at a soap works. Look out! It's our turn to go visiting."

So he was pulled into the figure danced by these workers with all the stateliness of a minuet. The dance over, he was wondering whether he ought to take the g'rl to the refreshment bar, when she solved his wonderings by the words:

"Thank you very much. I must go over to my friend now."

He watched her trip across to another girl, and then for the first time noticed how the boys and girls divided during the intervals, so he returned to Featherstone, who stood mopping his brow.

"Well, how have you enjoyed that?"

Musgrave candidly admitted, "Well, I



"A young subaltern galloped round the room astride a wooden chair"
—p. 36.

can't say I enjoyed it, for I felt such an ass. But what independent girls these are!"

Featherstone chuckled. "Yes, I thought it would be an eye-opener. What do they know of England who only the Southern Counties know? Well, we must be getting

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back now to report progress to Dr. Philpotts."

Thus ended the first evening. Two days later he attended for his second initiation.

"I heard you speaking the other night, Musgrave," said Dr. Philpotts, "as if you thought Officers' Messes were not all that could be desired. So to-night you and Featherstone go as the guests of Major Fermoy, of the Rutlandshires. It's their guest night."

To Musgrave the whole surroundings were strange—the long trestle tables, the waiters in khaki, the rations served on tin plates and the drinks in tin mugs. After dinner he was persuaded to join in a game called "Are you zere, Brudder?"

This game over, the Colonel asked him:

"And now won't you join us in a polo match?"

Musgrave looked at him doubtfully, suspicious of leg-pulling, but Featherstone accepted for him.

"Whoop, whoop!" shouted a young subaltern, as he galloped round the ante room with his legs straddling a wooden chair, and a spoon in his hand acting as a polo stick. The Colonel threw down an orange, and the match started. Musgrave wildly worked his chair towards the elusive fruit, but just as he was about to catch it was caught sideways by another chair and went flying. But he soon picked himself up and plunged on in the best of good spirits, totally forgetting the weak heart. When he said "Good night," an hour later, he felt that never before had he plumbed so deeply the depths of sociability and comradeship.

So ended the second evening. Featherstone making his report that next morning said, "Of course, the lad is an awful muf, but he's not too cocksure and is ready to join in."

"He's not had much chance," observed Dr. Philpotts. "The ladder of learning on which we prided ourselves before the war was apt to produce these one-sided fellows.

Well, what's the programme for the next night, Featherstone?"

"I'm going to take him roller-skating!" observed Featherstone with a twinkle.

But that third evening never arrived, for before then Oliver Musgrave arrived arrayed in a real Tommy's kit.

"Well, I never," said Dr. Philpotts. "What is this?"

"I heard that the Territorial Battalion in this town was asking for recruits, so as I couldn't pass for a commission I thought I would try my luck as a Tommy, and, hurrah! they accepted me."

"But what about the addresses in the hut?" asked the Dean.

"Those can wait until after the war," smiled Oliver. "The two slices of life which I've tasted with Featherstone are to be followed by a square meal. I hope before long to be in France."

"Well, I wish you every luck," said the Dean, grasping his hand tightly.

* * * * *

"That's the end of my story," said the old man in the hut. "The one-legged lecturer last night was Musgrave. He got the D.C.M. on the Somme, and lost his leg at Ypres in 1917. Don't you think I did right to encourage him to go, even at that cost? You see my name's Philpotts, and so I feel rather responsible for the lad."

"By all means. What an experience of life after a youth of philosophy!" I said lamely.

"Yes," went on Dr. Philpotts, "and see the opportunity we have now. We are studying human nature together now so that we may assist in making our after-the-war education system really 'humane' in the old Greek sense of the word. Reconstruction committees may sit in Whitehall but it's the men who have been through the fire who can make or mar the future. In fact it's the one-legged men who can lead us, if they will."



TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL PEACE

A Plea for an Entente between Capital and Labour

By

LORD LEVERHULME

After the War the most pressing problem we as a nation will have to face is the relation between Capital and Labour. Lord Leverhulme (formerly Sir W. F. Lever) of Port Sunlight writes as a man of wide experience in industrial affairs.

WE hear much of a League of Nations to be constituted after the war, of a confederation of the peoples for the purpose of keeping the peace by taking pains to find the line along which their common interests lie, and to avoid any merely selfish and aggressive policies.

A League of Industry

With this idea I am much in sympathy, but I hold just as strongly that the relations between what are commonly known as Capital and Labour need similar adjustment and rectification if there is to be settled peace in the world of industry; and, just as a League of Nations will upset many old theories of diplomacy and the balance of power, so must the rectification of the frontiers and policies and shibboleths of Capital and Labour, on the footing of co-operation and not

of antagonism, upset many deep-rooted eighteenth and nineteenth century false ideas, founded on "Master and Man" theories.

In the first place it must be frankly recognised that in spite of better conditions of employment and higher wages the position occupied by the employee-worker at present is unacceptable to the workers, and, so far from arousing zeal and keenness, as essential to success in peace as in war, it tends to apathy, slackness, and lack of initiative.

It appears to me that our plain national duty, in view of the vast work awaiting the world to meet the task of reconstruction and rehabilitation, is to search out certain basic principles, much as President Wilson has done with regard to international relationships and duties, principles which will guide us as unerringly to our



Lord
Leverhulme.

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desired haven as the compass serves the mariner in navigating the trackless ocean.

Find the Human Element

This has long been done with respect to banking. When it comes to the compilation of statistics on currency, bank reserves, rates of exchange, and so on *ad infinitum*, the representatives of Capital know instantly how to proceed. There are no cross purposes, no warring theories, no unsolved problems, broadly speaking, to bring about discord and chaos. They are fully equipped for every emergency.

But no corresponding statistics dealing with the human element in Labour have been prepared and universally studied and applied. There has been endless talk about strikes and lockouts, about the statistics of wages, about hours of employment. Concerning these you can get statistics down to the smallest detail. But Labour, as a human element in production and distribution, has not been scientifically analysed as Capital has been for the guidance of Capital.

Sound Methods must take Precedence

In our consideration of the new conditions, sound methods must take precedence of immediate results. In controversies between Capital and Labour it is too often the immediate spot view which prevails. We must take the long view, adopt principles rather than expedients, methods rather than theories, inasmuch as the present conditions give satisfaction neither to Capital nor Labour, but leave both with a sense of injustice.

Yet the war has proved that there is no inherent antagonism between class and class, that when we come down, as our American friends say, to "brass tacks," we are of one heart and mind. The war has revealed to us that bedded in every stratum of society we can find the highest ideals of patriotic service, that the duke and the navy have been equally eager to lay down their lives for ideals—in short, that the British Empire possesses the finest material in men and women, bred in cot and mansion, that the whole world can show.

Knowing this to be true, it seems only natural to ask whether the son of the capitalist and the son of the labourer, after fighting and dying side by side, shoulder to shoulder, in the trenches, regardless of wealth or station, cannot be won over after

the war to fight just as strenuously, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, for the industrial success of our world-wide Empire after the final victory in this war of armaments.

One thing is certain, and it is well to face it at once. It is all very well to talk of the good time coming after the war, but not until employer-capitalist and employee-worker have solved their difficulties in working frankly and wholeheartedly together, can the Empire devote all her energies to expansion and betterment, to that building up of a new and better world to which we are all looking forward as some compensation, yea, the only compensation for this terrible war.

A Question of Harmonising

And really the problem is not a difficult one. It is merely a question of harmonising interests and forces. It is a profound mistake to suppose, as many do, that it is mainly a question of higher wages or better welfare conditions. The profound dissatisfaction with present conditions goes much deeper. The employee-worker feels that the employer-capitalist has never made any adequate attempt to understand it on the human side. The cause of disagreement, lack of solidarity, ineffectiveness, is quite as much psychological as material, nay, more.

For to-day Labour is self-conscious. Labour is no longer merely a "hand"; it is a head as well. Labour to-day is an educated man with ever-growing wants and ever-extending outlook. He is the hope of the optimist and the despair of the pessimist. He is ambitious withal, and is creating new standards of life and living for himself and his household of which even his father never dreamed.

Examine the Psychological Problem

Let us examine the psychological problem, and seek the solution along that line. What do we find? That under the same workman's cap you have all the elements of an oligarchy and a democracy. Human nature, called Labour, is at one and the same time gregarious and individualistic. He wants his own garden as well as a public park. He loves communal life in towns and cities, but wants, nay, demands, a home of his own there. Equally men seem to prefer to follow their daily occupation in groups and masses, as in workshop and factory; but the individual still insists

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in retaining his individuality, and looks for his own individualistic recognition and reward for his labour.

The Result of Haphazard Beginnings

But our industrial system is an oligarchy existing in a so-called democratic country, the result of the haphazard way in which industries have grown up from the small workshop of two or three centuries ago, when the capitalist was also a workman, to modern industries with thousands and tens of thousands of workmen under one oligarchical rule. Capitalists have now the task set them to democratise their system, to create conditions that will enable Labour to take a democratic share in management, some responsibility for success or failure.

Well, now that we know what we want, let us clear away two hoary fallacies which constantly make against unity and co-operation. The employer-capitalist's fallacy is that the lower the wages and the longer the hours the employee-worker labours at his job, the lower the cost of production must be and the higher the profits. The employee-worker's deep-rooted fallacy is in thinking that there is a certain limited amount of work to be rationed out to an ever-increasing number of applicants for it, and that the only way to provide work for all is to restrict the output.

Opinions that must be Scrapped

It is quite evident that these two opinions are like black and white, light and dark, the antipodes of each other, and they must both be scrapped before any progress can be made towards a lasting industrial peace. The employer-capitalist must learn that high wages, short hours and good healthy conditions, by increasing intelligence and efficiency, increase output and consequently actually reduce cost.

As for restriction of output, it is not only immoral for the man who might have made two articles but who only made one, and who has thus robbed his fellow man, but it is an act of robbery against the commonweal, an act of adulteration of service, just as wrong as the adulteration of milk or any article of food or commerce.

Just as attempts by combination of manufacturers to cheat the public in quality and price have been met by laws of prevention, so similar combinations of employee-workers to cheat their fellow-men by restriction of output must be prevented by laws directed

to that end. Yet such necessity need never arise if the whole position of industrial administration is properly understood.

The fact is that the greatest need after the war will be enormously increased output, and the employer-capitalist must be ready and eager to provide the mechanical utilities and machine efficiency to that end. I hold that industrial administration, by providing the means for intensive mechanical production by increased steam power and more efficient plant and machinery, demanding less and less exhaustive strain on the employee-workers, has unlimited opportunity for increased output, at reduced cost, after paying the world's highest scale of wages.

But this can only be accomplished provided the falsehood of restriction of output is not allowed to spoil the working of these basic economic principles. Mechanical utilities, mechanical horse-power, the standardisation of products are the keystone of the arch of better conditions for employer-capitalist, but also and to an even greater extent for employee-workers.

The Crux of the Whole Matter

And now we arrive at the crux of the whole matter. Under these conditions industrial administration, scientifically applied, will provide that the profits resulting from the enormously increased output are not all to go as dividends on capital, but shall be shared in fair and equitable proportion between employer-capitalist and employee-worker.

Thus we come to this point, that only by Capital identifying itself with Labour, creating for Labour the same economic environment and conditions as Capital itself enjoys—in short, only by entrance into co-partnership together—can Capital and Labour be harmonised, brought to a settled peace and a new era of prosperity beside which all former industrial experience is warring chaos.

This is only another way of saying that the only way to harmonise Capital and Labour, to make them both play the same tune instead of making discord and setting our teeth on edge, is to provide both with the same outlook, by dividing the profits their joint labour has created fairly and squarely between them, with its corollary of automatically sharing and suffering from losses.

Co-partnership is good for both employer-capitalist and employee-worker. The em-

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ployer-capitalist has less anxiety and responsibility, inasmuch as with the sharing of profits must go sharing of anxiety. Thus co-partners become more and more interested in the policy of the business as a whole, whilst taking a much greater and keener and more intelligent interest in their own particular section.

Moreover, co-partnership satisfies those gregarious and individualistic instincts which we noted as being under every workman's cap. The democratic instincts of Labour are obviously met, his civic sense strengthened, whilst the wages system, varied to meet varied skill, still continues as a necessary basis of remuneration to satisfy the aspirations of his individualistic instincts.

But in seeking to harmonise employer-capitalist and employee-worker we must not lose sight of the fact that Labour unrest is by no means an unhealthy or discouraging sign at the present time. It simply means that Labour to-day has imbibed ambitions and aspirations, is alert and brainy, is reaching out to a fuller manhood and womanhood, a completer and saner life, a more independent standing in the world. And that is undoubtedly one of the main things the democracies of the world are striving for at the present moment, dimly realised perhaps in some cases but vividly felt.

What Co-Partnership Means

Co-partnership comes to meet and fulfil this aspiration. It means much more than sharing profits in addition to wages, much more than an increased sense of respon-

sibility and interest, much more than being treated as a partner in a business concern. It means the spirit of comradeship, the spirit that recognises equality and brotherhood, and it is working on these lines that the harmonising of the employer-capitalist and the employee-worker best promises to dispel the present atmosphere of suspicion and distrust.

The Comradeship of Arms

Our citizen army has been drawn from all classes, and the highest and humblest have been true comrades in the trenches. Surely, then, it is unthinkable that when the war is over industrial antagonism should prevent the Empire regaining and maintaining its former proud pre-eminence.

Let both employer-capitalist and employee-worker scrap their old, antiquated false ideas, along with their obsolete plant, buildings and machinery, as to their mutual attitude and relationships, and work with a better understanding of each other's rights and duties. Let them recognise that this good old world is far too small to hold any more than two classes—those who do their duty and those who fail to do it. It is certain that in the next world there will be only these two classes, whatever artificial divisions between employer-capitalist and employee-worker may have existed in this, and if we are to have that new and better outlook on life which our brave lads are talking about in France, and our equally brave lassies longing for at home, brotherhood must be the first essential. And they must not be disappointed in the realisation of it.



THE TRYST

THERE winds a lane in Arcady
For many a lover's mile,
Where, shaken through the leaves, the light
Falls on a dappled stile,—
The tryst for him who comes not now,
Who came for me erewhile.

Beyond the bounds of Arcady
The lover's road divides,—
By one drear path to fields of war
My lonely horseman rides;
In one, beneath this drift of moons,
My longing soul abides.

Such faith is ours in Arcady,
Though ways may range apart;
By dreams and hopes together knit
They strain to whence they start.
The stile is there in Laventie,
The tryst is in my heart.

G. E. DARLSTON.



The Deserter

By Warwick Deeping

Geoffrey Furnell walked out of the barrack gateway and down the dusty road to the town. The sea was an intense blue below him, and the sails of a ship tacking against the wind were white as the wings of a gull. The day had a wonderful atmosphere; colours were brilliant, the horizon clear and spacious. Six months ago Geoffrey Furnell would have stopped and stood to gaze, but now he trudged down the hill with a half-scared, half-defiant look in his eyes.

He was going to desert, war or no war. His soul was sick of the whole business; he had joined as a private, and had found the life—hell.

"'Ello, Grace!"

A stodgy private, swinging suddenly round the corner of the A.S.C. Bakery, butted into Furnell, and used a blunt elbow.

"Blub—darlin'—blub——"

Furnell went red as a girl, stepped off into the gutter, and walked on. The stodgy man called after him:

"Don't be late, Grace dear. The boys will be wantin' a song. And Corporal Cox ain't in the best of tempers."

Furnell went down the hill with his brain full of flaming, sensitive hatreds. What a fool he had been to enlist, to let himself be carried away by a boyish and delirious enthusiasm. He hated the men; he hated that fat brute who had bullied him into a fight, a dishonourable scuffle from which he had emerged with sordid shame. He hated the food, the loose talk, the unnamable things that happen when strong, full-blooded men are crowded together. He hated Corporal Cox, raddled faced, fierce-eyed tyrant with the insolent mouth, who had singled him out and made him a thing to be jeered at.

Furnell chose the back streets leading to the station. He had fifteen shillings in his pocket and no plans. He was running blindly away; his loathing of the life had just flamed into a fury of revolt; he didn't care what happened; he did not stop to think.

"Third—single—Oakbridge."

Oakbridge was a station some twenty miles away, and a mere name to Furnell. He grabbed his ticket and his change, and bolted from the booking office on to the platform.

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A military policeman was walking up and down. He stared hard at Furnell.

"Off on leave, cockie?"

"Yes—"

Furnell smiled a glum smile.

"Forty-eight hours."

"One less of you chaps to look after. '3rd Gos-hawks.' You're a tidy rough crowd."

"You're right."

"No luggidge?"

"Plenty of that at home."

The military policeman eyed him curiously, for Furnell was too obviously a boy of the upper middle classes, and not the sort of bird to be associated with the "Third Gos-hawks."

"Ere's your train—London—is it?"

Furnell blurted out a lying "Yes."

He got into a third-class "smoker" that was empty and grinned at the policeman, who still seemed interested in him.

"So long. Be good to the girls."

Furnell nodded and pulled up the window.

It was not till the train had started that he realised the nature of the thing that he was doing. He sat hunched up in a corner, scared, and yet all the more desperate and defiant because of the panic that seized him. He felt like a wild thing, terrified yet ready to fight viciously for freedom. He would kill himself rather than go back.

Oakbridge came into view, a rambling town set on a hill in a broad and well-wooded valley. The train left Furnell waking up the station road towards the church, a stranger in a strange land, obsessed by the notion that half Oakbridge suspected him of being a deserter. He had some grasp of the more imperious needs of the moment—hunger was one of them, but he could not bring himself to enter one of the local inns. Half a dozen rock cakes bought at a baker's and stuffed into the pockets of his tunic served him as an emergency ration.

Furnell passed through Oakbridge into the green glamour of a June evening. A slight haze hung over the valley, contrasting with the cruder brilliancy of that detestable war-town by the sea. Birds were singing. The meadows were all gold with buttercups, and the thorn trees in bloom.

A thickness came into Furnell's throat. He had chosen a wild lane going westwards towards the colour of the sunset, and the strangeness and beauty of the earth were

like a glance from the eyes of a girl to a man who is lonely. The fragrance and the calm of it filled him with vague emotion. He wanted to throw himself down in the long grass, bury his face in it, to try to forget that he was a soft fool who had found the rough-and-ready life of the crowd of common men unbearable.

But sentiment did not clog his cunning. There was his tell-tale uniform to be disposed of, and a hypothetical nakedness to be covered. To buy or to beg a suit of civilian clothes would be fatal. They would have to be stolen; he faced the inevitable conclusion with an immense seriousness, unhelped by a volatile sense of humour.

But whence or how?

He passed a cottage or two, and a farmhouse standing at the bottom of a field, but these places were too blatantly inhabited. And then Fate was kind to him. Some crank had built a house that no one wanted in a spot where no healthy person would wish to live. It had changed hands repeatedly, and when Furnell discovered it that June evening it was offering itself "to be let, furnished," with an air of dismal self-dissatisfaction born of cracked stucco and shabby paint.

The attacking of that melancholy house was one of the great adventures of Furnell's life. Never was a reconnaissance more thorough. He made his entry through the kitchen window, after breaking a pane of glass with a loose brick from the yard.

A terrifying sense of guilt was upon him as he explored the place, rummaging through its dim mustiness in search of clothes. There were a couple of locked trunks in a back bedroom, and he attacked one of them grimly with a poker, smashing in the lid with the fury of a man committing a murder.

A pair of corsets, two grey flannel petticoats, underclothing, some slippers, stockings, and other ugly and most unprovoking feminine accessories!

He swore, bundling the stuff hither and thither, and then stood up to listen, imagining he heard footsteps down below.

All was quiet. He attacked and slew the second trunk, and discovered trousers—blue-grey Sundayish things, such as are worn by genteel people on the Sabbath. A black coat added to the triumph. A collar and a grey flannel shirt completed it. Furnell took off his uniform, rolled it up into a

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bundle, put on the civilian clothes and fled.

He had no hat; the melancholy house had failed to provide it, but he left the problem of headgear till the morrow. His chief desire was to rid himself of the brown bundle that he carried under his arm. Dusk was falling, and as he went on down the lane he glanced about for some safe grave where he might bury his uniform. The mouth of a dry drain offered itself where a cart track turned from the lane into a field. Furnell thrust the bundle into the drain as though he were hiding a dead body.

The girl in the amber-brown frock came down the rhododendron path, and through the gate in the sunk fence into the park. She carried a brown haversack slung at her side, and her black hair tumbled as it pleased upon her shoulders.

A voice hailed her from beyond the rhododendrons that were masses of colour shining in the early light.

"Hallo, Dawn!"

"Yes, Daddie?"

"Coming back to breakfast?"

"No, I'm wild—to-day."

"All right, all right. Don't turn into a cuckoo."

She went on laughing through the June grass.

The morning and the landscape were in sympathy with each other; the one was still and dewy and mysterious with summer haze; the other a solitude of green woodlands with lush, secret meadows hidden in between. The girl seemed part of the picture. Her eyes were adventurous; quick, long-sighted, counting eyes; her whole profile suggested the huntress, save that it was a love of live things that inspired her, and not the desire to kill.

On the edge of an oak wood, and in the thick of a rolling world of green mystery, someone had built a rough hut of faggots and heather thatch. It was dressed about with fir branches, still green, so that it lost itself in the landscape, and was hardly visible at a distance. This was one of Dawn Hardacre's hunting lodges. She had several such places scattered over the estate. There was one down by the big pool among the willows; another in the fir woods up on Star Hill. The life of the wild things was her library; she was not like ordinary girls; she could

lie quiet for hours watching birds nest-building or a squirrel at play.

Dawn unslung her haversack, and stopped at the opening of this lodge of hers on the edge of Ryefold Great Wood. She was about to enter it when her quick dark eyes noticed a change. The dry bracken had been scooped up into one corner, and showed an indentation. Someone had been sleeping there, and there were crumbs on the ground.

She glanced about her, and entered. A little cupboard made from a deal box was fastened to one of the poles, a cupboard in which she kept a bottle of water, a spirit kettle, and some tins of tea and sugar. Dawn opened the cupboard. The bottle was empty; she had left it full the night before.

The discovery did not trouble her greatly. Perhaps some tramp had been there, and started off early on his day's adventures. She was not a thing of nerves; curiosity with her had always been stronger than fear.

But if she was to have tea for her breakfast water was a necessity. There was a spring down the valley in the middle of one of the fields, and Dawn set out for it, leaving her haversack slung in a corner of the hut.

That hypothetical "tramp" of hers had tried the high road, and abandoned it in a panic. It was the merest coincidence that two military cyclists should have ridden that way on a scouting expedition, and scared Geoffrey Furnell back into the woods. He had bobbed back to cover like a rabbit, and waited for them to pass.

"Reckon we're on the scent all right, Tom."

"Sure. What did that chap at the pub say?"

This gossip of theirs had no reference to Furnell, but he took it to himself, and thought no more of adventuring along the high road. He decided to go back to that shelter where he had spent the night, and wait for darkness before pushing on towards London. He had three of those rock cakes left; he wished he had shown more boldness at Oakbridge.

His scramble back through the woods and his return to the hut coincided with Dawn's absence at the spring in the valley. Furnell took possession, lay down on the dry bracken, and stared at the rough thatch overhead.

"Good gracious!"

He had sighted that haversack hanging in a dim corner, and it caused him to sit up

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with extreme briskness. He took it to be a gamekeeper's bag. The fellow could have been there only a few minutes ago, and what was more he would be coming back.

Furnell had passed a pretty miserable night; his nerves were ragged; his impulses were more those of the rabbit than the fox. The hut on the edge of the wood had become a trap instead of a refuge. He left it precipitately and came face to face with the owner of the haversack.

If either of them showed fear it was Geoffrey Furnell. He stood there staring at her, very conscious of this supremely feminine thing with the black hair and the startled eyes. Her reality troubled him. The very texture of her dress and the sheen of her eyes caused him a kind of subtle pain.

As for Dawn, she saw a rather scared, soft-faced youth in a sloppy black coat and baggy bluish trousers, staring at her as though she were something that was miraculous and wholly embarrassing. The youth had no cap. His collar was three sizes too large for him, and was much crumpled, and his hair suggested that he had not used a brush and comb.

"What do you want?"

She interrogated him sharply, the young woman in possession challenging a trespasser.

The question was too comprehensive for Furnell to answer it, but he knew that he wanted to be anywhere but where he was. A sudden sense of humiliation and of shame descended upon him; he felt a mean little figure under this girl's eyes.

"I'm sorry—I was only——"

Her eyelids gave a little flicker of surprise. She examined his coat and trousers again, for his voice had belied their bourgeois uncouthness.

"Only what?"

He gave her a pleading, deprecating look.

"Resting."

"You slept there——"

"Yes—you see——"

"Why did you come back again?"

"Well—I—I thought I'd like to."

She studied him with a critical curiosity. He looked about nineteen, and when one had eliminated the prejudices inspired by those dismal clothes of his, one was left with an impression of sensitive refinement.

"Have you run away from school?"

He flushed.

"Excuse me—I'm twenty-one—I am—was at Oxford."

She nodded, with sudden inward visions of youthful extravagances, and possible social infamies.

"That doesn't explain anything."

He agreed with her humbly.

"Of course not. If you'll excuse me—I'll be walking on. I'm sorry I frightened you."

This roused her.

"I wasn't frightened at all. You know, you don't look very terrible. But this is part of my father's estate, and you're trespassing."

"I know—I can't help it—and I drank your water."

Her lips quivered, and then she laughed, healthy, quiet laughter. He looked so dismal, so forlorn, and she began to feel sorry for him, whoever he might be.

"I thought a tramp had been there. I suppose you are making an experiment. Oxford men do queer original things sometimes, don't they?"

He did not feel in the least original, and her laughter tantalised him. From dejection he tumbled into a fit of rebellious wrath. The world was against him, making life impossible. What did those infernal Germans mean by upsetting the whole Empire? Why was there such a thing as war? Why had he been such a fool to enlist as a private? Why hadn't he waited, like other men he knew, until a grateful country offered him a commission?

His ears went very pink, and a more aggressive look came into his eyes.

"Well, if you want to know, I'm a deserter."

"A deserter!"

"Yes."

"From the Army?"

"I suppose so."

Her eyes grew very serious. Her gravity was rather fascinating, and somewhat impressive. At least Geoffrey Furnell found it so.

"You've deserted?"

He nodded.

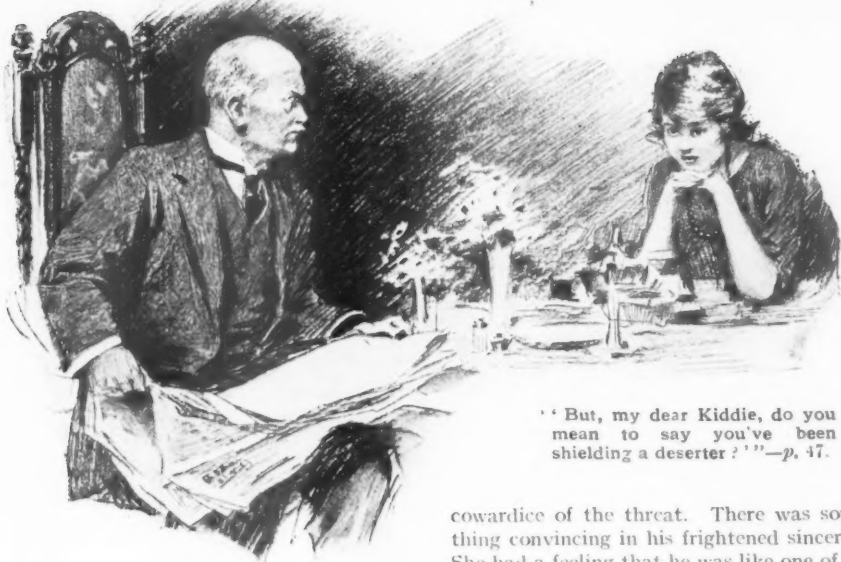
"How disgraceful!"

His flash of anger had died down to a mere glow of sulkiness.

"It's easy to say that."

"Why did you desert? Are you afraid? Is that it?"

THE DESERTER



"But, my dear Kiddie, do you mean to say you've been shielding a deserter?"—*p.* 47.

He jerked his head.

"No. But I'd had enough of it; I went in as a private. It's all very fine for people to talk about patriotism. Let them crowd in with men who spit, and drink and swear; I suppose I was unlucky, and I didn't get on very well. The chaps might be all right. Anyway—my soul was sick of it. I don't care. I don't care what happens now."

His eyes had a glazed, sullen look, but a certain something in them stirred a little quiver of pity in Dawn Hardacre.

"You enlisted—then?"

"Yes."

"And you'll be arrested?"

"Oh—I suppose so; if they catch me."

He tried to look reckless and only succeeded in appearing hunted.

There was silence between them for some seconds. Furnell regarded her with a forlorn expectancy that hoped for nothing. That she looked so comely and fragrant and sweet in the midst of the green mystery of June only made him feel life to be more tantalising and disastrous.

"Why don't you go back?"

He stiffened, and showed a flash of rebellion at the idea.

"I'd rather drown myself."

She did not cry out at the folly or the

cowardice of the threat. There was something convincing in his frightened sincerity. She had a feeling that he was like one of the wild things that she loved to watch.

"I see."

She regarded him intently.

"I'll lend you that hut for a day—if you like. I wonder what we ought to do."

The "we" was significant; she had ceased to treat the matter impersonally.

Furnell flushed sensitively.

"I say—it's awfully good of you. I want to get to London."

"And when you get to London, what then?"

He could suggest nothing, and his helplessness seemed to act on her as an impulse.

"Supposing you tell me all about it. We're in the Army, you know; I mean my father was. He has been waiting for the country to use him. You see, he's just sixty-seven, but quite fit—"

She pointed to the hut.

"Supposing we get into the shade. That's one of my spy-houses."

He echoed her.

"Spy-houses?"

"Yes, I've a passion for birds and wild things. I spend hours—watching."

She led the way, and stooping, entered the shelter of faggots and boughs. Furnell followed her, the victim of a sudden and conscious adoration that overwhelmed him the more violently because of his loneliness.

THE QUIVER

She sat down on the bracken, and took off her hat.

"What's your name?"

"Furnell—Geoffrey Furnell."

"Furnell. I seem to have heard it somewhere. My name's Hardacre—Dawn Hardacre."

He regarded her with wistful approval.

"I like that name. And your father—"

"He is General Hardacre. Dad's a dear, but—"

She considered the situation.

"He's severe, an awful martinet, so I've heard. One thinks all the more of a man for that. But—"

Her "but" hinted at complications, and Furnell saw them as clearly as she did.

"He'd think me a terrible rotter. But—you know—I could have stood being wounded; but that senseless, beastly, brutish life! I suppose I'm a bit soft. I used to write poetry, and I was going in for literature."

She eyed him doubtfully.

"Didn't you play games?"

"I rowed in my boat at Oxford."

Her face cleared.

"Oh—well. Tell me all about it."

And he told her the tale of his life since he had enlisted, his hands clasped across his knees, his eyes fixed on the green woodlands that were visible through the doorway of the hut. She discovered in him an ingenuousness that was rather charming. He was nothing of a prig, and his loathing of the life seemed understandable enough as he explained it to her.

"How hateful for you! Didn't the officers do anything?"

"One couldn't play the sneak, you know."

She liked him for that.

"You ought to have had a commission."

He looked at her as though he wanted to kiss her hands.

"Yes. I think I could have managed. I'm not a coward, but I haven't had a chance."

And so in all seriousness she accepted him and his escapade as a responsibility that concerned herself. For an hour they sat talking together on the edge of the green-wood, while Dawn made tea and insisted on Furnell sharing her breakfast. Her conquest was absolute; young Furnell was at her feet.

She considered the situation deliberately, and with grave eyes.

"I suppose I ought to tell Dad. It's awfully difficult to know what to do. Supposing you were to hide here for a day or two?"

He clutched at the suggestion.

"May I? But what about—food? You see—if I show myself anywhere—"

"I can bring you supplies—from the house."

He wanted to fall down and worship her, and though he was inarticulate so far as his gratitude was concerned, his eyes were eloquent.

"I don't know why you should take all this trouble. I shall never forget it—never."

She coloured a little, prettily conscious of her benefactions.

"I'll try and think it all out, what ought to be done. I'm afraid you will have to sleep on that bracken—and I'll try and get you a cap."

Sympathy, the greenness of English woodlands in June, solitude—Furnell could have asked for nothing else. Dawn Hardacre had left him her field-glasses and shown him various cunningly concealed loopholes in the walls of the hut through which one could watch the wild life of the woods and meadows. For a while he lay on the bracken and let himself dream dreams. The adventure had lost its panic note. He no longer felt hunted, an outcast flying from the inexorable laws of a war-obsessed world. Someone had seen his point of view, someone had sympathised with him; life had shown him a new mystery.

He watched for Dawn as the day drew on, nor did she fail him. As a supply officer she proved triumphant. Her basket disgorged fresh strawberries as well as other spoil.

"I've brought you one of Dad's old caps. He's away to-night—recruiting. Don't you think I ought to tell him when he comes back?"

Furnell looked at her doubtfully.

"He'll despise me—"

"No, you don't know Dad. He's the dearest man alive, though he pretends to look fierce. He might help us."

Furnell's doubts were routed by her naive way of making his case her own. A romantic recklessness took possession of him. She might do as she pleased.

THE DESERTER

"Tell him. I'll face it."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

It does not follow that because a young ter is sensitive, rebellious, and a hater of ugliness that he is an unvirile fool, and young Furnell had plenty of courage. His pride was a very delicate and fastidious thing; it had been poisoned in the barrack-rooms; it recovered in the woodlands. Dawn found those clothes of his more and more incongruous, but they ceased to be contemptible. The sulky, hunted look went out of his eyes, and a more adventurous glitter took its place.

He told her about his mother, and they both agreed that his mother was the one person to be considered.

"If it means disgrace—of course, I ought not to have done it. But I can't go back—even for her. I had ideas of letting her into the secret, of changing my name, and getting into the 'Artists.'"

Dawn considered the suggestion.

"That's what they call fraudulent enlistment."

"How do you know?"

"I'm a soldier's daughter."

He laughed.

"I am getting technical information—as well as food. I say—I wonder if I might have a walk in the woods."

She rose to the idea.

"I can take you right into the wild—where one never meets a soul."

"Grand!"

"Come along."

She led him into the deeps of the Great Wood, a world of green foam, of sweet and solemn mystery. Sometimes they followed the narrow "rides," at others wandered at will across the open spaces where trees and underwood had been felled, and the young bracken smothered everything. There was no wind, and the place had the stillness of an enchanted forest, and there was no sound save the crackling of twigs and dead leaves under their feet.

"Doesn't it seem incredible?"

"What?"

"The war."

His face had a solemn, awed look.

"One was forgetting how to dream. Dreams are no good now, are they? Hallo, what's that?"

"Only a woodpecker. You'll hear him laugh in a moment."

And so they drifted on, comrades of an hour, intimate, young souls drawn together instinctively by a common love of beauty. Dawn's eyes were very quick to find all manner of strange, fascinating things. They discovered an ants' nest, and watched it for the best part of half an hour.

"We ought to be going back."

He sighed.

"There ought to be no going back. Well—that's life; one has to face things."

She left him at the hut on the edge of the wood.

"Good night——"

He looked at her as though he were trying to say something and could find no words to make himself understood.

"Whatever happens—I shan't forget our walk down there in the woods."

When Dawn faced her father at the breakfast table next morning, she found it harder to confess to him than she had imagined. A very serious personal interest in Furnell complicated the affair. If he had been nothing but a tramp, the explanation would have required no effort.

"I made a discovery yesterday, Dad."

"Oh—what's that?"

He sighted her with a blue eye over the top of the morning paper.

"I found a man in my hut up by the Great Wood."

"The dickens you did! Has Miller seen to him?"

"No. It isn't a tramp, Dad. He's still there. He's a deserter; I let him stay there, and I've been feeding him."

The General forgot all about the Russian retreat in Galicia.

"A deserter?"

"Yes, Dad."

"But, my dear Kiddie—do you mean to say you've been shielding a deserter?"

She nodded, flushed, but courageous.

"He wants to see you, Dad."

"I think the desire is mutual. What sort of scoundrel is it?"

"He's only a boy, Dad, and he's a gentleman. He enlisted, and found himself with such a rough crowd that he couldn't stand it."

"Poor dear; going home to mother, I suppose!"

"Go and see him, Daddie; he's awfully unhappy and doesn't know what to do."

"I'll see him," said the General grimly.

THE QUIVER

Geoffrey Furnell was not caught unprepared; Dawn had been out scouting before breakfast; and Furnell was watching for the General with her field-glasses. He sighted him coming through a wood of young larches, between the meadows and the park, a big man, with a fresh coloured face, dressed in grey tweeds, and wearing gaiters. Furnell speculated on the temper of this man who was Dawn's father; tried to sum him up by the way he walked.

When the General arrived within ten yards of the hut, Furnell sprang outside, stood to attention and saluted.

"Hullo, so this is our deserter, is it?"

He scanned Furnell with the eyes of a soldier, measuring him with merciless shrewdness.

"What's your unit?"

"The 3rd Goshawks, sir."

"Hum. When did you desert?"

"Two nights ago, sir."

"What for?"

"Because I could not stand the life, sir; I had had enough of it."

"Going home to your mother, I suppose?"

Furnell flushed hotly.

"I'm ready to fight, sir, but I want to fight as a gentleman—with gentlemen. The men were all right; I didn't get on with them. As to my mother——"

He noticed that Dawn's father was studying him with peculiar intentness.

"What's your name?"

"Furnell, sir. Private Geoffrey Furnell."

"The dickens it is——"

He stroked his chin, and smiled at some memory.

"That's a coincidence! What's your mother's Christian name, Furnell?"

"Catharine, sir."

"You never lived in Egypt, I suppose?"

"I was born there, sir. My father was in the Government service. He died some years ago."

Old Hardacre nodded his head as though he were checking a bill and found it correct. He kept smiling to himself, a kind of intimate, meditative smile that had nothing to do with Furnell.

"Well, you silly young fool, what's to be done with you? I suppose you know that you could be shot?"

He seemed to flare up into sudden wrath.

"You know what desertion means in war time. And do you know that we are re-

sponsible for harbouring a deserter? This silly child of mine has been feeding you. I shall hand you over to the police."

Furnell stared at him as though dazed by this big man's anger.

"I didn't think, sir——"

"Think! And what about your mother, young man? Nice news for her to hear that her son has been sentenced to hard labour! Where's your uniform?"

"I hid it, sir."

"Where?"

"In a drain, sir, at the side of a lane."

"And where did you get those clothes?"

Furnell hesitated.

"I—I borrowed them, sir."

"Stole them, you mean."

"Yes, sir."

General Hardacre surveyed him with ominous, meditative gravity. This wrath of his was military anger, regulation wrath assumed for the occasion, but Furnell had visions of a police cell and disgrace.

"Furnell."

"Sir."

"I will think this over. You will give me your word of honour not to run away."

"I promise, sir."

"Very well. This child of mine has acted foolishly, and too generously. You owe her some consideration—you understand?"

Furnell's ears reddened.

"If anything happens, sir, I shall swear she knew nothing about me."

"Very good. Keep in that hut; don't show yourself. I will think the matter over."

Dawn Hardacre had set up two deck chairs under the spruces at the corner of the lawn. It was the General's favourite retreat, for a bank of rhododendrons kept off the south-west wind, and it was screened from the house by a thick yew hedge.

"Hullo—got the paper there, Kiddie?"

"Yes, Dad."

He sat down, glanced at the casualty lists; Dawn did not disturb him. She was wise for her age, with the wisdom that most women lack.

"Well, I suppose I must do something for that young fool."

"Why not?"

He ignored her note of approbation.

"Queer coincidence. I knew his mother, years ago. Fact is, I wanted to marry her,



"She led him into the deeps of the Great Wood,
a world of green foam, of sweet and solemn mystery"—p. 47

Drawn by
Norah Schlegel

THE QUIVER

Kiddums. I suppose the young idiot has had rather a rough time of it."

"Don't you think he's rather sensitive?"

"Sensitive! No one has got any right to be sensitive in the Army."

"But we can't help ourselves at times, can we, Daddums? Perhaps he got it from his mother."

Her father gave her a quick, shrewd look.

"You are no fool, my daughter. I gather that you are learning how men can be managed. We will see what we can do."

Furnell lay in the hut all day, watching for Dawn, but no Dawn came. In her stead the General appeared, a big figure looming up through the grasses, just as the dusk was turning the woods a misty blue.

"Furnell."

"Here, sir."

"Where did you desert from?"

"Fristoncourt, sir."

The General stood prodding the grass with his stick.

"Do you think that you could find that uniform of yours?"

"I might, sir."

"Very good. Do you know where the high road runs, up on the top of the ridge?"

"I was up there yesterday."

"All right. I'll send someone for you at six to-morrow morning. My car will be waiting at the end of the main ride. Don't forget."

"What do you want me to do, sir?"

"Rejoin your regiment."

"But—sir."

"Play the man, Furnell; you won't regret it. You can't go running back to your mother—now."

Furnell's face looked thin and white in the dusk. He set his teeth and fought for self-conquest.

"It's the right thing, sir."

"The only thing—for a man."

"Then I'll do it, sir. I suppose there'll be no end of a row."

"Do the right thing—and risk it, my lad."

"I'll face it, sir. It can't be worse than it was before."

The General strolled home slowly through the twilight. Dawn met him at the wicket in the garden fence.

"Well, dear?"

"The lad's got some grit. He says he will go back. It's just the great test. If he is

there in the morning—and hasn't bolted—why, then, I may be inclined to take some trouble."

It was Dawn who went through the dew-wet June grass at six in the morning, a look of expectancy in her eyes. Would he be there, or had he run away in the night? She wanted him to be there. She had begun to feel responsible for him; she wanted him to answer to his name like a good soldier and a man. Her father was putting him to the test, a man's test, and she approved of the way men handled such matters.

"Are you there?"

She was standing knee deep in the silvery grass. The woods were mist enwrapped; a great stillness, though somewhere a lark was singing.

"I'm here."

He came out of the hut. His face looked white, but his eyes had a radiance, a sparkle of romantic courage.

"I'm glad. I thought you would brave it out."

"Did you?"

"Yes."

He drew nearer, with a solemn, worshipping air of rapture.

"Well—you helped me. You know—I shan't forget. I'll try and put up with the beastliness of it all."

She held out her hand and he kissed it, and she flushed with a sudden consciousness of the impulsive sincerity of his homage.

"Oh—it's nothing. I know father will think quite a lot of you. He'll be waiting up there with the car. I'll show you the way."

They went through the Great Wood together, and it was very solemn and very still. Furnell could find nothing to say to her, though he felt like a boy being dragged back to school. And presently they reached the road, and heard a car climbing the hill towards them.

"Good-bye."

She held his hand, and looked him frankly in the eyes.

"Good-bye. I'm—I'm most awfully grateful to you."

That was all he could say.

The General, driving his own car, found Furnell standing solemnly and tragically beside the road.

"Hallo, Furnell, climb in. I'm pleased with you."

"Thank you, sir."

THE DESERTER

The General pretended to be intent on reading the dial of his speedometer, for the youngster's upper lip was not as stiff as a mere martinet might have expected.

It has been said that an army has no soul, and yet Geoffrey Furnell's experiences contradicted such an assertion.

He rediscovered those hidden clothes of his, stripped himself in a wood of the borrowed civilian rubbish, and reappeared before General Hardacre in creased and rather tumbled khaki.

Then he found himself at the Friston-court infantry barracks, sitting in the General's car, with a sentry standing by the radiator and trying not to grin at him.

The General had disappeared into an abominable red brick building, and was interviewing the C.O.

Presently a corporal and two privates appeared.

"Furn'll. Step it. You're to see the Colonel."

The military bellow relaxed to a confidential whisper in the corridor.

"All right, old sport. Never thought you 'ad it in you. Suppose the old blighter copped you, what?"

The C.O. was sitting behind a desk, looking about as severe as a man can look. General Hardacre was staring out of the window. The corporal and the two privates were ordered to wait in the corridor.

For five minutes Furnell did not know whether he was hot or cold. The Colonel appeared to be the possessor of a most quietly scathing tongue.

Then the end came.

"Go to your quarters, you young idiot.

You have been absent three days without leave. I am going to overlook it, for once. Call in the guard."

Life changed very abruptly and very strangely for Geoffrey Furnell. He discovered that he had suddenly become popular; he had won some sort of reputation for devilry; men wanted him to drink with them in the canteen.

But he did not remain with the Goshawks.

At the end of three weeks he was given a commission, and attached to an infantry regiment somewhere in Wales.

Five days' leave intervened between these two phases in his career.

Two of these days were spent with his mother in that green valley ten miles from Oakbridge.

The General and Furnell's mother sat in the garden and gossiped about Egypt, themselves, and the people they had known.

Dawn and the second-lieutenant had wandered away to the hut on the edge of the Great Wood.

"I owe it all to you," he said to her.

"I felt so sorry for you," she confessed.

He showed a new and refreshing arrogance.

"I don't want you to be sorry for me, any more. I want you to respect me, Dawn."

She laughed.

"Admire you—you mean!"

Whereupon he became very serious and impressive and appealing. He said that he wanted someone to think about over yonder, someone's picture to take with him.

She agreed that he might think about her as much as he pleased.



THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE

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THE "HOUSEHOLD ORDERLY CORPS"

A New Scheme to Replace "Mary Jane"

By MRS. C. S. PEEL

(In an Interview with Agnes M. Miall)

After all, amid the clash of Empires the one great problem of the woman at home is
—the servant. Here is a new solution of the difficulty.

GOOD-BYE to capped and aproned, hard-worked, exacting Mary Jane!

And in her place a young woman in a neat uniform, capable, well trained, who arrives every day at a given hour, and departs at one equally appointed, who works as only those can who have been thoroughly taught their job, and is happy in her free evenings and her thirty shillings of weekly pay. In three words—the Household Orderly Corps.

It was an idea challenging enough to send me post-haste to a quiet house in London to talk to Mrs. C. S. Peel, who, with the Women's Industrial Council, has launched this new scheme in regard to domestic service.

The War is not to Blame

In her survey of the whole servant question, Mrs. Peel put the war in its right place as a factor in the decay of domestic workers—not as the head and front of the difficulty, as people often assume it to be, but simply as an accelerator of what would inevitably have arrived without it.

"Domestic service was a dying industry before the war," she emphasised in her soft, deliberate, peculiarly restful voice. "For years it has been the most unpopular profession among the working-classes—so much so that some time back the Women's Industrial Council started an investigation into the whys and wherefores for this dislike. We made extensive inquiries among heads of women's labour societies, Girls' Friendly Societies, Mothers' Meetings, and other organisations likely to be well informed. And the opinions of all of them tallied in certain important respects."

Servants Like their Work

The (to me) most curious fact which emerged from Mrs. Peel's quiet telling of the tale was that servants *like* their work.

One hears very much from educated women forced to be their own cooks and house-maids, of the monotony of the labour, the everlasting sameness of washing the identical dishes each day and making the identical beds. But servants, whether from lesser education or some other cause, make no complaints on this score. To them the work is varied and interesting.

"And it is actually varied," Mrs. Peel insisted, "for in housework nothing is done for very long at a time. At nine a girl may be washing up breakfast things, at ten she is bed-making, at eleven preparing dinner, and so on. If she turns out the dining-room one day, she cleans the silver the next. How does this compare with the monotony of work in many factories, where the operative perhaps turns the same handle for hours at a stretch?"

The Conditions are Wrong

"No, it is not the *nature* of the work that breeds discontent, but its *conditions*. First and foremost, girls complain that by entering domestic service they lose caste. The most inferior and poorly paid typist, the shopgirl, the telephone operator—each one becomes, by virtue of her calling, that most alluring creature, the 'business young lady.' The cook or housemaid, often drawn from the same family and educated similarly, is simply, in the eyes of her own class—a servant!

"The second handicap, from the maid's point of view, is the never-endingness of her work. The factory hand and shopgirl, however hard they toil between certain hours, have a working day of a definite length, and after that their time is their own. The servant, on the contrary, is not hard at it all the time—she has leisure at certain times of day—but from the moment she gets up till the moment of retiring, she is liable to be called upon to do something. Heaps of

THE "HOUSEHOLD ORDERLY CORPS"

people ring the bell all the evening at intervals for things they could very well get for themselves, and the result is that the maid has no free time. 'Women's work is never done,' the old saying, is absolutely true of her. Moreover, she has no freedom; she cannot even go out for five minutes without asking permission. Can we wonder that she envies her sisters with fixed hours of work, that she would barter her good pay, soft conditions of living, and less strenuous work for the right to spend her evenings where and how she will?

Two Handicaps to Domestic Work

"These are the two handicaps to domestic work on which we found everyone concerned with it was agreed—the loss of social standing among the girl's own class, and the total lack of freedom. There are other minor grievances, mostly rather unreasonable, but these two stand out, and no reconstruction of the servant problem has the slightest hope of success unless it strives to alter these two factors."

"Which you hope to do by means of the Household Orderly Corps?"

Mrs. Peel paused.

"Yes," she said, "the Women's Industrial Council sought for a workable scheme which conceded these two points to the workers. We are modifying the idea of the Corps as given to the Press a little time back, and I feel that it is early yet to talk about it in detail. But broadly, our idea is to pay the workers 30s. per week of 48 hours, letting them live at home or where they please, and to charge employers 1s. an hour for their services, the balance of the money covering working expenses and a hostel for women

at a distance from home. Also we hope to overcome the stigma at present (quite unreasonably) attaching to domestic work, by this organisation of uniformed workers, carefully selected and fully trained for their work. Besides promoting efficiency, training has such a value in raising the status of a profession. If a girl has had to be trained for her career, and has had, perhaps, to make some sacrifices to afford that training,

she will regard it with far more respect.

"See how it has been with hospital nurses. It is not such a far cry back to the dirty, incompetent, tippling race of Sairey Gamps—yet look at the self-respecting and honoured nurse of to-day. From being the refuge of the dregs, almost, of womanhood, nursing has risen to be one of the finest professions in the world. Is it too much to hope that the same can be done for domestic labour? In itself it is honourable work, and work that, properly done, calls for as much brains as many of the professions into which women are flocking so eagerly."



Mrs. C. S. Peel.

Photo: Business, Ltd.

Trained Household Orderlies

Mrs. Peel, however, is no one-sided reformer, and it is not her idea that the mistresses shall concede all and the maids nothing. She spoke earnestly of the need, alongside a higher status for the workers, of greater ideals amongst those workers—of responsibilities more seriously shouldered and more conscientiously carried out towards the employers whose houses and property are under their care. But this, she believes, will come with training, as in the case of hospital nurses.

Of course the idea of the Household

THE QUIVER

Orderly Corps was not mooted without causing much opposition among housewives hardly ready to move with the times. Some thought it unnecessary. "It's only a question of tiding over the duration of war," they said. "When peace is declared and the men come back to their posts—when the munition factories close—why, women will be only too glad to resume their cooking and housework." Others, seeing a little farther, but still not far enough, argued that a scheme of domestic service which demanded for its workers a wage of a shilling an hour put it out of the reach of the middle-class income.

After the War

To hear Mrs. Peel discuss these points was to get a new insight into this difficult subject.

"In the first place," she said, "I regard it as a fallacious doctrine that the servant problem will end with the war. We had it before the war—we shall have it after. Though doubtless a small proportion of the women workers will, from inclination or necessity, drift back to household labour, yet girls have shown themselves so adaptable in a thousand ways that they will have little difficulty in getting other work, if they wish it. And remember, they always *do* wish it, as domestic service is at present. At any rate, all the most capable ones will find other outlets, and those who come back will be the lowest grade of workers—extravagant, wasteful, and inefficient. Moreover, they will return only through necessity, and they will bitterly resent their return, their work, their employers—everything. Is this spirit, of which we have already seen too much, likely to make for domestic harmony and comfortable homes?

As Regards Expense

"As regards the expense of having an orderly (under our new scheme) in for as many hours a day as required, undoubtedly the proposed rate of 1s. an hour seems likely to be very costly at first sight. But look farther into the matter and various points emerge.

What you Save

"In the first place, if you spend more on wages, consider what you save. You do not provide any food whatever for your worker—think what that means in these days of high prices! She sleeps out—therefore *you* can do with a smaller and cheaper house. She is not sitting in your kitchen all the evening, having the wasteful range kept up for her warmth—what a saving of coal! And in exchange for the present-day maid, who often wastes or breaks nearly as much as she earns, you have an efficient, contented worker, who gets through far more in the time because she has been trained in all the latest time- and labour-saving devices.

"Women object that workers only coming in daily will leave them too much to do and so on. Well, perhaps so. But the only alternative is to have *everything* to do oneself, which is far less satisfactory. We have been too luxurious. We must get used to being less waited upon in the future."

After all, we must Spend Less

This point—our high standard of comfort before the war, as contrasted with that of other nations and bygone days—Mrs. Peel elaborated in another way. After all she had urged as to the economy, as well as the expense, of the new order of domestic workers, she said frankly that she believed the running expenses of the home *would* cost us more henceforward. We must be prepared for that, and prepared to make good the deficit out of the pleasure section of our purse. The man of very moderate means might have to give up his little car; the woman some of her dresses; both small pleasures in the way of theatres, week-end holidays, and so forth. But that, of course, was only saying what we all realise more and more clearly every day—that socialism of the right kind is making headway, and that it becomes a matter of increasing importance that those who have (comparative) plenty shall spend less, in order that those who have little shall earn more.



RUSTED HEARTSTRINGS

By

WILLIAM AGNEW

BELINDA CLAIBORNE, spinster, sat stiffly upright on the long side seat of the motor omnibus. She had slipped an arm through the handle of her leather reticule, and her thin bony fingers, cased in severe black kid, were folded before her.

The omnibus, already more than comfortably filled, stopped at a busy corner. A much-agitated young woman, plainly dressed, rushed in, deposited a baby on Miss Claiborne's lap, and with a quick "Hold him, please," vanished through the door, and disappeared among the crowd in the street.

The vehicle resumed its rapid pace, and had traversed some few hundred yards before it dawned on the spinster's amazed perceptions that the nurse, as the young woman appeared to be, had not returned.

Meanwhile the baby kicked out its tiny feet, and beat the air with energetic fists while it gurgled and crowed, seraphic smiles dimpling its chubby face. To prevent it slipping off her lap the woman instinctively curled an arm about it, and then looked up to find the cause of the baby's excitement.

The conductress was standing in the aisle before her, holding on to a strap. She was chuckling softly to herself, quite oblivious of the smiling interest of the passengers near, while she grinned in the best of comradery to the baby.

"Jolly little chap of yours," she ventured, as she caught the woman's glance.

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Miss Claiborne icily. "I never saw it before this minute."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the young woman. "I thought you were his mother."

She edged a step away, but the baby followed her with its eyes and cooed in recognition of a kindred spirit.

"No," Miss Claiborne went on, grimly disgusted. "That young woman who just

got off asked me to hold it for her. She either couldn't get back on the omnibus—or didn't intend to. It's hard enough to live nowadays—perhaps she forgot the baby on purpose."

"You mean—deserted it?" asked the conductress in horrified incredulity.

Miss Claiborne shut her teeth with an angry snap. "It is by no means uncommon."

"Well—and a little prince like him. What will you do?"

"Get off at the nearest police station and turn it over to the police."

She gathered the infant in her arms, somewhat awkwardly, it is true, for she could not remember ever having held a baby before, and left the omnibus at the next corner.

Miss Claiborne was an exemplification of the type of woman commonly known as an "old maid." In person she was tall and spare, almost gaunt. Her sloping shoulders curved inward towards her flat chest. Her long lean face was covered with a sallown skin, resembling nothing so much as time-worn parchment, and, except where the slow years had seamed it with wrinkles, it was drawn tightly over bony jaw and chin.

The mellowing physical and mental influence of husband, home, and motherhood had somehow passed her by, and she had contracted in spirit as she withered in flesh. She viewed the world through coldly cynical eyes. Her heartstrings had rusted for lack of use.

Either from inclination or from the absence of other interests, she had gradually become absorbed in man's business of money-getting, and she was now the owner of houses and stocks and bonds to an amount that totalled well into the thousands.

So it was not surprising that the baby dropped into her mental environment with quite as much of a shock as his physical advent occasioned.

It was some little way from the omnibus

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route to the police station where she had elected to get rid of her uninvited charge. The little fellow was heavier than a bank passbook, and she was not familiar with the usual way of handling personal property of this kind. Collecting rents was more in the spinster's line than collecting babies.

She tried at first to carry him by putting her hands under his arms, one on each side. But this was decidedly not the way it was done, for she found it excessively awkward as well as trying. And the baby resented it with grunts and wriggles until she almost dropped him on the stone pavement. This nearly gave her heart-failure, and thereafter she held him tightly against her with both arms about him, his little fair head nestled on her shoulder.

Apparently she had happened by accident on a position that suited him, for he "goo-gooed" into her ear in wordless, baby contentment. His warm, wet little mouth was pressed against her neck, and one tiny hand gently patted her withered cheek.

While she stalked along the street, disdaining even to notice the passers-by, her mind was busy with a question that mystified her.

"How did the bus conductress know, instantly, that the baby was a boy?"

She recalled her words: "Jolly little chap of yours," "A little prince like him." The best that she could do was to say "it!" All babies were "its" to Miss Claiborne. She was quite unable to differentiate the necessary points by which normal people seemed to be able to tell at a glance whether to say "him" or "her." This was a branch of knowledge outside her ken.

And what else was it that the young woman had said? "I thought you were his mother."

Miss Claiborne blushed at the thought. The idea started, however, a chain of introspection that persisted until she had nearly reached the door of the police station. Here she was, she grimly realised, an old maid, fifty years of age, worth several thousands, and forgetful at the moment of aught on earth but the touch of warm, moist baby lips against her skin, and the patting of a velvety, baby hand.

Intensibly her pace slackened, and for a brief instant she almost regretted she had so soon arrived at her objective point. But this was a mere flicker of compassion, she

told herself, a weakness that she tried to banish as soon as it assumed coherence.

Entering the police station she approached the desk.

"I have a baby," she faltered, suddenly stricken with an unusual, hesitant shyness.

"So I see," responded the officer dryly. "It's not uncommon. What's the matter with him?"

"He's deserted," explained Miss Claiborne. "His mother or his nurse dropped him in my lap in a motor bus a few minutes ago, and then got out and disappeared in the crowd."

"That so? What do you want to do with him?"

"Do with him? Me! Why, I thought you'd—"

The sergeant pressed the button of an electric bell.

"Oh, Mrs. Smithson," he called to the matronly woman who appeared. "here's a deserted kiddy for you. Bright looking little shaver, too. If I didn't have seven of my own, already, I'd—"

"Oh, the darlin'," crooned the warm-hearted matron, coming towards Miss Claiborne and holding out her arms. But the baby turned its face away with a little whimper and clung tightly to its first friend.

Miss Claiborne considered a moment.

"What was that you said just now"—she addressed the police official—"about me wanting to do with him? Don't I have to leave him here with you?"

"Not unless you like," he replied. "You can give us your name and address if you like, so's if anyone comes we'll know where the kiddy is. But if he's been deserted you've got the first claim on him. Take him with you."

"To keep?" demanded Miss Claiborne, an awesome thought possessing her.

"Certainly," laughed the sergeant. "If you care to."

The abrupt intrusion of the aforesaid thought into Miss Claiborne's mental horizon proved almost too much for her.

"I think I'll sit down for a minute," she temporised, "and decide what to do."

But she found her brain awlwhirl with unaccustomed chaos. Its orderly business methods were jostled and elbowed aside in a rush of suddenly quickened memories and impressions that had lain dormant for years



"A much-agitated young woman deposited
a baby on Miss Claiborne's lap"—p. 55.

drawn by
Daisy Tennant.

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and years. Sensations that she dimly recalled having experienced in the long days of youth rose full-blood in jubilant power. They beat down the barriers of coldness and unwomanliness that she had reared about her heart, and poured in a rioting flood through her every fibre. She felt a lump rising in her throat, and a strange thrilling and humming of the long silent heart-strings. She hesitated and capitulated to the impulse of the moment.

Rising, she approached the desk where the officer was unconcernedly going over for the dozenth time the morning paper. Miss Claiborne was impressed with the man's absolute calmness in the presence of what to her was one of the pivot-points of life. She marvelled at his undisturbed serenity.

"You said you'd want my name and address," she suggested. "My name is Claiborne, and I live at 45 Brushwood Avenue, 913 Gardens is my telephone number. But I hope no one calls for the baby. I'd like to keep him."

Then, without waiting further developments, she turned hurriedly and fled for the street, clutching her treasure tightly in her arms in the fear that he might even now be taken from her.

Passing along the street was a taxi-cab. She hailed the driver and instructed him to take her home. Then she lay back blissfully in the corner of the cushioned seat and hugged ecstatically in her arms her new possession.

Arrived at her residence she hunted in vain for the proper change with which to pay the chauffeur. The baby was evidently beginning to find his appetite, for he set up a tiny wail.

"Oh, bother the change," she exclaimed impatiently. "Here, take this." And she pressed a ten-shilling note into the man's hand and fairly ran up the steps.

One brief, grim chuckle she permitted herself at the realisation that Belinda Claiborne had for once in her sordid, aimless life forgotten to worry about her money. Then she slammed the door behind her and struggled, panting, up the stairs with her unaccustomed burden, while she called peremptorily for her old Scots house-keeper and companion.

"Janet. Janet, where are you? Come here. Quick! See what I've found."

She was quite at her ease now. Janet

would know about babies. And she would not be afraid to let her hold the infant. That woman at the police station had frightened her. She might not have given the baby back if she had once had her hands on him. But Janet was different. Everything was all right now.

Janet came hurriedly into the room. She had been baking, and was wiping her floury hands on her apron. Truly, Miss Claiborne might trust this broad, motherly-looking Scotswoman to know what to do with a baby. Until she came, a widow, to live with her present mistress, she had been accustomed since she was sixteen years of age to an atmosphere surcharged with babies. Now her chickens were all grown up and scratching for themselves. Five stalwart man-children and four mothers had learned their first life lessons at her knee. Oh yes, Janet McCormick was past mistress of baby lore.

"Eh! The bonnie bit bairn," she cried. "An' whaur did ye find the lamb, Miss Belinda?"

"He's a foundling—that's what they call them, isn't it, when their parents desert them?"

And she related rapidly the circumstances by which she had acquired the infant.

"And now, what will we do first, Janet?" she demanded, breathlessly impatient.

Janet smiled demurely.

"I'm thinkin' the very first thing will be for ye to be takin' aff yer things. Ye'll forgit ye hae yer bonnet on."

While Janet fled, bareheaded, to the nearest chemist's for bottles and baby-food, it devolved upon Miss Claiborne to quiet the youngster's impatience for his mid-morning lunch. There being none to see or criticise, she was free to relax as she felt inclined, and the unmusical voice that was wont to demand rents was hushed to a softer, more womanly tone as she strove to recall an old lullaby she had heard her mother sing:

"Nellie Bly
Shuts her eye
When she goes to sleep."

Forgetting or ignoring houses and rents, the spinster did not go into the city again that day, but spent the afternoon and evening hindering Janet as much as possible. It was a red-letter day in Miss Claiborne's calendar.

RUSTED HEARTSTRINGS

Never had she dreamed life held such an absorbing interest. She insisted on doing everything possible without assistance from Janet. And the shrewd Scotswoman allowed her mistress to retain the impression that she was responsible for much more than was really the case. For Janet had had a mind of her own about the baby, and dreaded to think what was to happen when the child's mother came to claim it, as she felt confident would be the case.

After the baby had been tucked snugly into an improvised cradle for the night, Janet went over all the little clothes with an experienced and understanding eye. She found evidence in abundance that the little one had come from a home where he was appreciated and adored. It was no foundling baby's mother who had made with her own hands all the dainty baby things.

To be sure, there were no fine expensive linens, or filmy precious lace, but though the materials were low in price they were put together with infinite care and pains. Every stitch was hand-work; and hidden away in the corners and along the edges of the tiny garments were delicate bits of embroidery, silken knots, and little bows, made up of hours of loving needlecraft.

Here, too, Janet found something she did not mention to her mistress—the baby's initials, done in small but clear letters, "M. M. C."

This gave her fresh food for reflection. True to the caution of her nationality, she had not disclosed the first thought that struck her when she saw the baby. That was its likeness to Belinda Claiborne herself. There was the same forehead and chin, the same breadth above the eyes; and most striking of all, the shape and position of the ears.

And the baby's surname began with a "C." the first letter of Claiborne.

Janet was confident that the baby had not been deliberately abandoned. But just why it should have been carried to the omnibus and left on Miss Claiborne's lap she could not imagine. If the nurse had met with an accident, or had been unable in the crowd to get back to the vehicle, there would surely have been means of signalling the conductress or of following the bus and rejoining her charge. Or the police could easily have been called upon, and long ere this they would have had a telephone

message from the station where her mistress had left her name and address.

In the meantime, oblivious of the interest that centred about his small personality, the baby slept in a big wicker clothes-basket set on two chairs. Miss Claiborne vibrated excitedly between the child and the Scotswoman. It was doubtful which of the two she regarded with greater awe: the baby simply because it was a baby, or the plain somewhat unattractive old woman who held her patent of nobility by virtue of the fact that she knew what to do with these morsels of humanity.

Janet was downstairs, engaged in laundering the baby's little white skirts—for of course there were no fresh baby-clothes in this childless house—when she heard her mistress call her.

"Janet, Janet! Come here!" she cried anxiously.

"Oh, Janet, just look at him! I couldn't help calling you. The little angel; he just lies there, and—breathes and breathes."

Had the good Janet's heart been less human and appreciative she might have been amused. But there was more of pity than of laughter in her face and words.

"Yon's no' an uncommon thing wi' bairns," she responded. "Ye'll hae missed bein' acquainted wi' the ways o' the weans."

Miss Claiborne left her bed and tip-toed to the baby's basket a dozen times during the night to see if all was well. And she grudged Janet even the holding of the baby while he hungrily attacked his nocturnal bottle.

But it was the next morning that she began really to appreciate her new plaything. It was her first experience with the awakening of a normal, healthy, hearty child to the sunshine and joy of a new day. "Dada" was about the limit of the baby's spoken language, but what he lacked in words he made up in action. His feet and hands spoke for him, and he cooed and chattered and kicked in his bewitching way until it came time for his bath and morning nap.

The bath was a wonderful performance. A baby in his birthday suit was a novelty to the spinster. She cuddled him, kissed him, and, it must be admitted, wept over him like a child with a first doll. And when the little fellow was dressed and ready for his morning dreams she insisted on

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holding him in her arms until he dropped asleep.

She was sitting there, immersed in thought, with him on her lap, when there came a prolonged and insistent ringing at the door-bell. Miss Claiborne sensed a quick chill of apprehension sweeping over her. There were few callers at the big gloomy house, fewer still at this hour of the day. Decidedly it must be someone about the baby. And yet there would surely have been a telephone message from the police if inquiries had been made.

Janet went to the door, and Miss Claiborne heard her speaking with the caller. Then came a sound of running feet, and an instant later the door of the room was pushed widely open and a young woman dashed breathless and excited into the room. She swept the apartment in a single glance, and in a bound was on her knees before the baby.

"Oh, my little lad! My precious baby!" she sobbed. "I thought the night would never, never end. Is he all right? Was he good?" she inquired, lifting misty eyes to Miss Claiborne's face. If Miss Claiborne had had any remote idea of denying the young woman's title to the infant it was dissipated as soon as she saw her face. There was no acting there, and unquestionably this was the same person who had so unceremoniously dropped the baby into her lap the previous day. She realised, with a catch at her heart, that her dream was over before it had well begun. Now she would have to give up the baby and go back to her ways. Somehow they seemed, all at once, so pitifully cold and puerile after this brief glimpse of something better.

"Yes, he was good," she replied wearily to the young woman's question. "And now, would you mind telling me your name, and why you left this baby in the bus—with a perfect stranger?"

The girl, for she was little more, flushed hotly and cast down her eyes in embarrassment.

"Well," haltingly, "it wasn't as if you were a stranger, you know, though you have never seen me—to know me—before. You see I am—Mary—that is—Mrs. William Claiborne."

"You are brother William Claiborne's wife?" cried Miss Belinda incredulously. "Then I am this baby's aunt. But why

on earth did you leave him with me? Couldn't you get back on the bus again? You surely didn't mean to——"

"No, no!" protested the girl, interrupting her, horrified that anyone could for a moment entertain such a suspicion. "It did not occur to me, at first, that that was what you would think. I can see, now, how foolish, insane you must think me. But the fact is William has been called up and could not bear the thought of leaving me alone without any friends. I wanted him to come to you, but he is proud, and you told him, when he married me, that you never wanted to see him again, or even hear his name. It isn't that we want money—though it costs so much to live now; I shall get my allowance from the Government every week. But I have never been used to being on my own without a friend, and so I thought if I loaned the baby to you, for a day or two, that maybe it might—fight——"

She could go no farther, but broke into a passion of tears.

"Weren't you afraid to leave him like that?" asked the amazed Miss Claiborne.

The younger woman smiled through her tears, and walked over to the window. Then she turned and beckoned to Miss Belinda.

"See that man in the doorway over there, across the street?"—waving a hand as she spoke, which signal was promptly responded to by a man in khaki. "That's William. He's got a few days' leave. He was on the motor bus when I left the baby with you; he followed you to the police station, saw Janet buy the bottles, and he's been out there all night in the street—the dear boy; he absolutely refused to consent to my little subterfuge unless he could be near the baby all the time."

"Janet," Belinda called, "do you see that soldier over there by the steps? Go over and tell him I want to see him."

When William Claiborne entered the room his sister surprised him with a kiss.

"Brother Will"—she faced her surrender without a flinch—"you were right and I was wrong. Hearts are bigger than pockets or bank-books, after all. You must bring your things round and stay here until your leave is up. You need not worry about Mary and the baby when you are over there. They shall live with me until you come back again."

NEEDLECRAFT

HAND-MADE ACCESSORIES

As an Aid to Economy in Dress

By NORA WALDRON

ONE becomes tired of being economical if it means the wearing of ancient clothes or the purchase of what looks a second-best when the heart is craving for the undoubted best.

A Way Out of the Difficulty

At present the only way out of the difficulty of keeping up appearances is to spend more careful thought in the choice of materials, and to make some of them up at home. With study and practice it is truly wonderful what can be done to eke out a slender dress allowance. And this, too, without any loss of style. Indeed it is imperative for well-directed hand-work to be put into a costume that is to possess any distinction. To fashion a dress or a coat and skirt with claims to originality in design is the work of an artist. Important garments requiring skill in cutting and fitting are best done by experts. But the many less important articles of attire and the hundred and one accessories which swallow up a great part of a woman's means can all be made, and well made, at home.

My present advocacy is for an increase of what may be called occupations for the

leisure hour. Nobody, however strong and patriotic, can be doing war work all day, and every day right on until bedtime. Work, health, or probably both, will soon suffer.

Will you who read this invite a kindred spirit to come and talk to you in a friendly way when the hard work of the day is done? When the curtains are drawn, the light on, and the fire burning brightly, we can gather round for comfort and pleasure. Tongues and fingers can be busy, and the men of the party need not be scared away. Whereas energetic cutting out and impressive machining destroy the spirit of friendliness, the quiet occupations of the fireside are restful and homely. When our ideas are settled and patterns chosen, when fingers are busy and conversation ebbs and flows, the man of the house will most likely offer to read aloud. He will be welcome, for our work will not make heavy demands upon brain-power.

This is a plea to the woman with a little leisure to reduce the excessive cost of dress by making some of the accessories herself. The instructions given in this and succeeding articles are practical and to be relied upon in every way.

The Practical—and the Artistic

For our first choice let us take something severely practical, a knitted stocking, and a more artistic subject, trimmings for hats. Never was there a time when odd moments could be so well used as now in these two

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activities. And, different as they are in type of work, they can be most happily combined in our own peculiar manner.

For instance, the same material, either wool, silk, or a mercerised cotton, can be used to make the stockings and the hat itself, or perhaps only the trimming of the hat. Gloves, ties, waistbands, mufflers, and Dorothy bags may be achieved later. The hat illustrated shows a style suitable for a dyed panama, or a felt, beaver, or velours. The blue silk and the blue and white knitted band are greatly enhanced in value by the fact that the hat is to be worn with a coat and skirt of blue and white striped material with blue collar and cuffs.

The ladder-like band of black crochet is threaded with yellow ribbon, and looks very smart on a black velours. A yellow silk muffler and doeskin gloves of the same shade brighten the black coat and skirt with which they are to be worn.

The similar trimming with the vandyke effect is on a black felt hat for a child, and, with a white knitted coat, is very suitable for half mourning.

All these points need to be considered before materials are chosen and work begun, so that every minute spent upon the work may be used to the best advantage.

With this introduction, let me tell you how to make the articles illustrated.

Hat Trimmings

As the same result can be attained only when the same materials are employed, details will in each case be given. Prices cannot be stated as a rule, since costs are liable to variation. The more expensive ones will be used only in small quantities.

The Knitted Band

The actual knitting of the band is easy; so simple is the pattern that a child could do it. The great needs are attention to detail in the instructions and even working, as perfect regularity of repetition is necessary for a good effect.

The materials used for the model are

white Coronation Wool, a soft well-twisted four-ply wool, and Peri-Lusta Flossette, Size ***, Shade No. 488, an ounce of the former, and a couple of skeins of the latter, costing altogether but a few pence. The size of knitting needles will depend upon the worker. No. 15 for a tight worker, No. 16 for one with a looser hand. The knitting should be close. Peri-Lusta Pearl-Knit, No. 8, may be used. This is stocked at most stores in a good variety of shades.

Cast on 16 stitches, 14 with the wool, and 2 with the blue thread. Tie the end of the thread round the wool, for firmness.

1st row.—Knit 4 with the thread and 12 with the wool. (For shortness the number will be followed by the simple word "thread" or "wool," showing which material is to be used.)

2nd row.—Slip the first stitch as for purling. Do this always, and keep the stitch as tight as possible, to give a firm edge. Knit 9 wool, bring forward the wool as for purling, pass the thread under and to the right of this; purl 4 thread, two of them the white and two the blue stitches, keeping the thumb pressed lightly on the wool and taking care not to stretch the stitches. Take up the end of wool and purl 2 wool. When a working thread or wool lies on this, the wrong side of the band, see that it lies easily without any straining of the pattern.

3rd row.—Slip 1 (as for knitting), knit 3 wool, without stretching the

thread stitches, knit 4 thread, knit 8 wool.

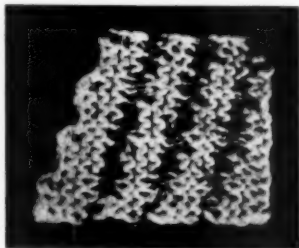
4th row.—Slip purl 1, knit 5 wool, cross the wool and thread as before, purl 4 thread, purl 2 wool, knit 4 wool.

5th row.—Slip purl 1, knit 7 wool, pass the thread under and to the right of the wool, knit 4 thread, knit 4 wool.

6th row.—Slip purl 1, knit 1 wool, cross the wool and thread, purl 4 thread, purl 2 wool, knit 8 wool.

7th row.—Slip purl 1, knit 11 wool, knit 4 thread.

8th row.—Slip purl 1, purl 1 thread, cross the wool and thread, purl 2 wool, knit 10 wool, bring the wool forward as for purling,



Showing the detail of beginning and ending of the Knitted Band.

HAND-MADE ACCESSORIES

purl 2 thread, being careful not to draw the strand tightly.

Repeat from 1st row until enough is done to go round the hat and as far over the brim as desired, and finish the end as shown in the illustration.

8th row.—As directed, but without the introduction of the thread at the end, ending with knit 12. Cut off the thread, leaving a short end.

9th row.—Slip purl 1, and cast off 4 stitches loosely, knit 11.

10th row.—Slip purl 1, knit 11.

11th row.—Slip purl 1, cast off 4, knit 7.

12th row.—Slip purl 1, knit 7.

13th row.—Slip purl 1, cast off 4, knit 3.

14th row.—Slip purl 1, knit 3.

15th row.—Slip purl 1, cast off 3, cut the wool, draw the end through the loop, draw through a stitch at the back, and tie it to the end of thread. Cut the ends off close to the work.

Draw round the upper part of the crown a piece of soft silk cut on the cross. This should be fairly tight, as a neat effect is desirable. The knitted band goes over this. The covered end is firmly sewn into position, and where the band crosses a catching thread at top and bottom will suffice. The free end lies easily on the brim, and is attached only by the sewing on of a button covered with the silk.

Two Bands for Threading

The two bands, one ladder-like, and the other arranged with a vandyke down the middle, are worked in crochet from the same

instructions, the only difference being in the way the work is sewn to the hat. They are particularly effective at very slight cost in both materials and labour. When the ribbon is soiled, a new one can easily be threaded in a bodkin and slipped into place in a few minutes, freshening up the



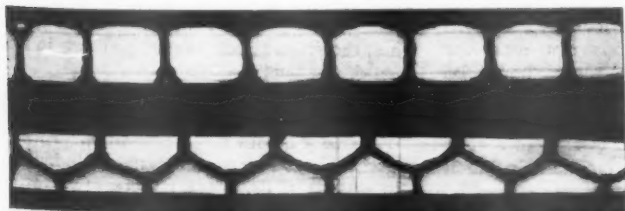
This simple style of Knitted Hatband suits a Straw, Felt, Beaver or Velours admirably.

hat. A different shade gives a very new effect. The ends are tied in a simple bow.

For these a ball of black Peri-Lusta Knitting Yarn was used, and a No. 3½ steel crochet hook. The cost is about 6d. per ball, and the uses to which this thread can be put are many, so what is not used will not be lost. It can be obtained in a variety of colours.

Make a loop and work 12 chain. Work a double treble into the first chain stitch. To do this put the thread round the hook twice, insert the hook in the chain stitch, draw a loop through; draw it through 2 loops, again through 2, and again through the last two loops. Chain 8, turn, and work a double treble into the fourth chain stitch from the needle.

Work a sufficient length to go round the hat when the ribbon is thread d. Arrange the pattern in the most pleasing way for the hat on which it is to be worn. Place the band in position, tie the ends, and then sew



Two Bands for Threading, worked in Crochet.

THE QUIVER



Dainty Little Floral Ribbon, with Edging of Silk in Crochet.

the crochet to the hat with invisible stitches. Be careful not to catch in the ribbon. The width of the ribbons used in the bands illustrated is half an-inch. If wider ribbon is to be threaded a longer chain will be needed. Experiment will easily give the required spacing.

A Crochet-edged Ribbon

The dainty little floral ribbons now so fashionable are much improved by an edging of silk in crochet. The one illustrated is cream in ground with sprays of roses and buds in pink and green. The edging is done in cream to match the ground, and the only addition in the way of adornment is a small coral brooch under which the join is concealed. This makes a trimming which can be removed in a moment, and might easily be worn over the bands just described when a different touch is required to harmonise with a different

costume. It was made for a cream tagel summer hat, and worn most successfully with a cream shantung frock embroidered

with pink. A long coral necklace gave the finishing touch.

Use Pearsall's Empress Knitting Silk, which can be obtained in ounce or quarter-ounce balls. A steel hook No. 4½ or 5, will be needed.

Make a chain double the length of the ribbon to be edged, and allow several inches extra, as it works up when the next row is added. Work 4 double crochet in 4 chain stitches, missing the one nearest the hook. Chain 4, and work 4 double crochet in the next 4 chain. Repeat this for the whole length. Using one strand of the knitting silk, invisibly sew the crochet to the ribbon.

If no suitable brooch is at hand, make a small buckle of the edging and push the end through.

The wool used was Andalusian. Any similar wool or other material giving 11 stitches to the inch will give the same result.

A HAND-KNITTED STOCKING FOR WINTER WEAR

NOW that stockings are as important an item as one's gloves and hats, it is well to make one's own. The result will be far more pleasing than can be obtained by merely buying whatever happens to go best with one's colour scheme among the many shown in the shops. And the wearing qualities are better.

The instructions given are suitable for a foot size 4 to 5, for use with a fine soft wool and No. 16 needles. Get 5 ounces of Harrap's Scotch Fingering 3-ply wool. A small amount will remain for new heels and toes. If these instructions are used for silk or other material, a piece should be knitted as a test of size. The stitches are about 11 to the inch.

The stocking illustrated is grey of a tone that goes well with the fashionable black and white checks and plaids.

Cast on 124 stitches on 3 needles. Do this in double wool. First put on a single

loop, several yards from the end, add in double wool 36 double stitches on the first needle, 52 on the second, and 36 on the third. Place the single loop by the side of the last stitch made, and knit these two together. This method makes the firmest top and the most satisfactory join.

Rib in knit 2, purl 2, for a depth of 3 inches, or more if desired.

Do plain knitting for a depth of 6 to 9 inches, according to the length of the leg. The model is 8 inches. On the needle containing 52 stitches always purl the 26th. This, the seam stitch, is carried down to the turn of the heel.

The Leg Narrowings

Knit to 3 before the seam stitch. Knit 2 together, knit 1, purl the seam stitch, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped stitch over the knitted one. This constitutes the first narrowing. Knit 2 rounds without narrow-

A HAND-KNITTED STOCKING FOR WINTER WEAR

ing, work round to the same point and narrow again in the same way. Repeat the process until 19 narrowings have been done, and the number of stitches decreased by 38. There are now only 14 stitches on this needle. Add a few more from the other needles, and knit as long a piece as required for the ankle. The model is 5 inches here. It is best to try the stocking on the wearer. It should reach just to the top of the shoe.

The Heel

This is the shape known as the gusset. To set the stitches for the heel, put 22 on each side of the seam stitch, on one needle. Leave the other stitches unworked, 20 on one needle, 21 on the other.

Work a round, keeping the wool as tight as possible at each end of the heel needle, where holes occur if there is any stretching or stitches are loosely worked.

Knit the 45, purling the seam stitch.

Purl them, slipping the first stitch, and knitting the seam stitch. Knit them, slipping the first stitch and always keeping the wool tight, and purling the seam stitch.

Repeat these last two rows 18 times, that is until 39 rows are done in all, the last one being a knit row. The taking off of the heel begins on the 40th row.

Purl 28, including the seam stitch, which now disappears, purl 2 together, purl 1. Turn the work. At each turn keep the wool tightly drawn, and do not now slip the first stitch.

Knit 13, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit 1, turn.

Purl 14, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn.

Knit 15, decrease by the slip-knit method, knit 1, turn.

Purl 16, purl 2 together, purl 1, turn.

Continue similarly until all the side stitches are worked in, adding one more

stitch each row. There is no need to count if it is remembered that the two which are taken together are the two between which the gap occurs, and one more stitch is worked after this before turning.

Finish on a knit row. Pick up and knit 20 stitches from the left side of the heel, and knit 2 from the next needle, keeping the wool tight, and being careful not to stretch the stitches. Knit 37 on to the second needle, and the remaining 2 on the third needle (wool tight). Pick up and knit 20 on this needle from the right side of the heel and add half the stitches, 15, from the gusset.

The Foot Narrowings

These are done on alternate rounds at the end of the first needle and the beginning of the third.

Knit the first needle till only 4 stitches remain and work these; knit 2 together, knit 2.

At the beginning of the third needle, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, draw the slipped stitch over. Complete the round, and knit another round without narrowing.

Repeat these two rounds until 86 stitches remain, the same number as at the ankle. Knit until the foot is long enough almost to cover the little toe, and begin to take it off.

The Toe

Knit 7, knit 2 together. Do this all round. Knit 7 rounds.

Knit 6, knit 2 together. Do this all round. Knit 6 rounds.

Knit 5, knit 2 together. Knit 5 rounds.

Knit 4, knit 2 together. Knit 4 rounds.

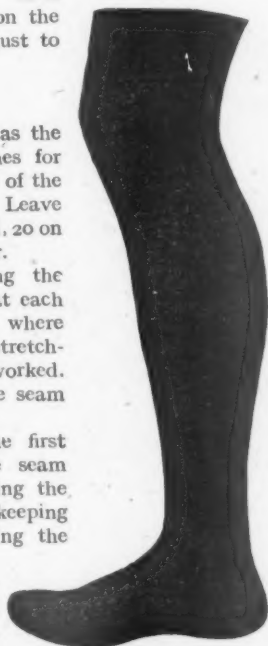
Knit 3, knit 2 together. Knit 3 rounds.

Knit 2, knit 2 together. Knit 2 rounds.

Knit 1, knit 2 together. Knit 1 round.

Knit 2 together continuously till only 10 or 12 remain.

Cut the wool, draw the end through, and with a darning needle draw it to the inside and darn in the end.



A Stocking that will Stand Hard Wear.

If you are in doubt about any of the above patterns, or have a special request to make for any particular article to be given, write to Nora Waldron, c/o The Editor, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

DOING WITHOUT—

A Practical Talk, not on *Why*, but *How*

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

IN the housewife's history of the great World War the winter 1918-1919 will probably be known as the "Doing Without Winter." The title, as it stands, is not particularly attractive, but with the completion of the sentence, understood by all, "to help to end the war victoriously and speedily," the subject assumes a very different and intensely interesting aspect. As I write, the war news is almost intoxicatingly good, and makes one feel that one could sacrifice every bit of personal comfort if only as an outward and visible sign of one's thankfulness and joy. Of course we must expect reverses, it is hardly within the bounds of possibility that such successes should always crown our endeavours; but even the darkest clouds have silver linings, and I have always admired those cheery folk who are too busy to spend time looking out of the window on a dismal rainy day. If, therefore, on reading the title, any of my readers think that this article is written in a dejected frame of mind, let me at once disillusion them, for personally I am looking forward with pleasure to wrestling with the new problems which are surely going to present themselves to us housewives. As I have stated in a former article, the war has already taught us many new and extremely useful lessons, and there is no doubt if we want to weather the coming winter successfully we shall have to bring all our powers to bear to solve the difficulties.

The Personal Aspect

Every day the war is assuming a more personal aspect, and the time has now come when it is a case of "every little helps." Big schemes are all very well for those in high places, but they are not the least bit of good unless the schemes planned by the big people are put into execution by the millions of little people. Not so long ago it was quite common to hear "What is the good of my doing without, or insisting on my family keeping to voluntary rations? No one else is eating less bread or using meat

substitutes," and even now there are housewives who, for the sake of peace and quietness, betake themselves and their children to lunch at restaurants in order to satisfy the meat demands of the servants at home. It seems extraordinary there still exist mistresses who are so frightened at the prospect of doing housework as to allow themselves to be in the position of slaves to their servants. Some extenuating circumstances, as, for instance, in the case of a delicate mother with young children, may demand such ridiculous concessions, but that any strong healthy woman should consent to such practices, simply out of fear of consequences, is almost beyond belief.

Can a Living-in Domestic be Maintained?

And this brings me to one of the most important questions that will arise in many families this winter—i.e. Can a living-in domestic be maintained? The final straw is, of course, the rationing of coal and light. In a very large percentage of families the coal ration, after the deduction of an allowance for gas or electric light, amounts only to what is normally consumed in the kitchen range, and as the kitchen fire with its multiple duties is by far the more important in the house, it stands to reason that the kitchen will become more than ever the hub of its particular universe. Ask any man which is the most comfortable room in the house on a cold winter's day, and he will answer without hesitation "the kitchen," meaning thereby the ideal kitchen, a room spotlessly clean, with the fire burning brightly, and not too many of the utilitarian purposes of the room in evidence. One of the forms of doing without, then, and one that is worth serious consideration, is the engagement of a daily help instead of the heretofore living-in domestic. There is not nearly so much difficulty in procuring such help now as there was a few years ago, and the social status of such women as go out "to oblige" is markedly higher. Many

DOING WITHOUT—

young wives are glad to earn additions to their Government allowances by working three or four mornings a week, and in families where the kitchen is to be the general rendezvous a morning or three-quarter day help will be found a very excellent arrangement. Meals are simple affairs compared with what they used to be, and the housewife who is not willing to prepare and serve the supper is not worthy of the name. Why, then, allow the warmest room in the house to be occupied by one person only, when it might be used by the whole family, and many hundredweights of precious coal saved?

Those who have already adopted the part daily help scheme are enthusiastic over the result—indeed, most women go so far as to say they will never return to the old system. The idea, though not generally practised in this country, is almost universal both on the Continent and in America, and I should not be at all surprised if it does not become the rule rather than the exception in Britain before many years have passed.

Doing Without—

and the Laundry Question

For some months past hints have been dropped in the papers that sooner or later many laundries would have to close owing to the lack of labour necessary to cope with the work in all its branches. In addition to this difficulty the laundries are now faced with further problems, the cutting down of heat and light, and the shortage of soap. Most of us would sooner give up any comfort rather than be asked to cut down the washing list, just as we would rather go without breakfast than forgo our morning tub. But when it is a case of doing without to help to end the war, one pauses to consider if there is not some other solution of the problem than sending the soiled linen to the laundry. It is also quite easy to write and urge others to do these disagreeable duties. Please do not think I do this without having first put my theory into practice. I can honestly state that anyone's laundry list can be reduced to half or even less.

Here are some suggestions for reducing the laundry work which will not impose too much labour on her to whom such home duties will fall. In many houses it is still the custom to send such articles as dinner

napkins, tray cloths, pillow cases, toilet covers, face and bath towels, kitchen cloths, etc., to the laundry. These can be washed at home quite easily, and if the ironing is arranged to be simultaneous with some cooking no extra heating will be needed.

A Simple Arrangement

Follow these directions: Dissolve a little bleaching soda or powdered soap in boiling water, then cool down till the water is just fairly hot. Put all the articles to soak for at least twelve hours. Next day wring out the soaking water, plunge the articles into hot water and soap them well. Leave for an hour or so, then add enough hot water to make it comfortable for the hands, and rub the articles either on a washing board or between the hands. (The former, which costs but a few pence, saves the skin very much.) Rinse in two successive warm waters, then in cold "blue" water, and pass through a wringer. Such articles as do not require starching should be hung out of doors, or, if the weather is unpropitious, round the fire.

A great deal of unnecessary fuss and labour is often involved in starching. For months past I have put napkins and other starched articles into cold water starch directly they have been passed through the wringer, and ironed them when they have been rolled down, at most, an hour. A sheet of glass-paper and a piece of an old towel are useful accessories to the ironing table. The irons should be rubbed on both before and after each heating. The rock on which many ironers come to grief is to put an iron which has picked up some starch on to a hot stove. The consequence is that the starch burns, and will be far more difficult to rub off than if this were done before it was heated. Really hot irons do not collect starch—in fact it is both waste of time and trouble to attempt to iron starched things unless the irons are thoroughly hot.

The Choice of Clothing

To extend the doing without of laundry assistance further. Everyone knows the amount of labour involved in washing and getting up nainsook and similar lace-trimmed underclothing. A really practical woman recently told me that all the members of her family are now attired in woven garments, and that she herself has adopted this

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form of underwear. Not only is her laundry list considerably reduced, but she is saved an enormous amount of time and trouble, not to mention money; for delightful as frills and laces are, they were not respected even by the pre-war laundress, and needed constant overhauling and renovating to keep them in apple-pie order.

Woven underwear can be washed very easily at home, and the present-day garments are by no means the shapeless clumsy ones one used to associate with the word "woven."

As to sheets and tablecloths—unless the scullery is equipped with proper appliances it is best to send these articles away from home, but bear in mind that there need not be the former hard and fast rules which regulated their length of service, which should depend more upon circumstances and usage than a stipulated duration of time.

Economy of Material Wanted

Half an hour's serious consideration of this question of doing without is certain to reveal hitherto untapped wells which suit the individual case. The thoughts of most women fly at once to food when the subject of cutting down or limiting expense is involved, but although silver bullets are wanted just as much, if not more, than formerly, this article is not written from a point of view of financial economy. Economy of material, particularly those materials of which there is a shortage, must be uppermost in our minds during the coming days



"A woman's only mission is to please."

(See "The Fatal Franchise.")

of winter, and the only possible way by which the solution can be satisfactorily reached is for each one to do his share. The pull is inevitable, but if it is the pull all together there is no reason to fear the result.

Don't Do Without—

There is one thing I do not advocate trying to do without, and this is the

best food that it is possible to obtain. This winter more than ever it will be up to the housewife to do the very best she can for her family in order to keep up the standard of health and *moral*, which are generally affected by cold weather. The qualities and heat-producing properties of all available foodstuffs must be carefully weighed, and such dishes as will counteract the absence of artificial heat be provided. The temperature of school and office buildings will sure to be lower than usual during the winter months, and although young people and children do not seem to feel the cold as much as their elders, their health will certainly suffer unless judicious stoking from within takes place. It has been publicly stated, by those in authority to make such assertions, that our food supply will not be worse this winter than last, which is very cheering, but one must remember that some creature comforts which were unrestricted last winter will be, to say the least, curtailed, and if we are to pull through successfully no single effort, however trivial it may seem, must be neglected.



THE FATAL FRANCHISE

What has Become of the Gloomy Prophets ?

By THE EDITOR

WE are told that a General Election is imminent. Furthermore, that our electorate has now been enlarged in a manner altogether prodigious and unprecedented. Disraeli's famous "leap in the dark" is nothing in comparison with the new Reform Act which passed unnoticed on to the Statute Book a few months ago, and under which the most momentous election of the ages is, sooner or later, to be held.

What will Happen ?

Still further, for the first time in our history, women—not all of them, but a numerous proportion to the tune of some millions—are to have the vote, and are to decide on the destinies of the nation at the most critical juncture of its history.

What will happen when the women march to the polling station ?

Where are the prophets who portrayed to us so convincingly and so gloomily the consequences of this rash departure ?

Perhaps they are too busy on war-work to spare the time and energy to mutter "I told you so." Or, perhaps, sincerely bewildered and still apprehensive, they are nervously awaiting the catastrophes that shall follow the exercise of the Fatal Female Franchise.

This little article is not intended to provoke ; not for the world would I drag up again the painful memories of the pre-war suffrage campaign. My object rather is to reassure. For those who fear that in the coming election the women who go to the polls will leave their sex behind them,

and that all other kinds of dire mischiefs will follow, I want just to dig up a little from the records of the past. It may be a bit reassuring for the timid—and possibly a little beneficial to the mere male who has too often let his prejudices prompt his prophecies..

Well then, every new departure made by women-folk in the eyes of contemporaries has had just that disturbing effect that votes for women had upon the prophets a year or two since.

For instance, take the innocuous and indispensable perambulator. When these were first introduced about 1850, their ill effects on the morals of the mothers and the physique of the infants were freely canvassed.

"Since it is easier to wheel a child than to carry it, what will prevent a mother from wandering from home many hours every day ?" asked the *Lady's Newspaper* of the go-cart's first ancestress. "Infants should be carried out in the fresh air," cautioned *The Queen* in 1852, "but the prevailing temptation is to leave them out"—

unattended and forgotten by the mothers who bore them, laid outdoors in a perambulator, to perish quietly of fresh air !

Older readers may still remember the agitation attending women's demand for entrance to the professions. *The Queen* of 1860 put its foot down : "No, a woman may give her leisure to literature, but let her once set foot within the pale of professional life, and she is practically un-



"When the innocuous perambulator was first introduced . . . the ill effects on the morals of the mothers were freely canvassed."

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sexed." What *would* the writer have said about the W.A.A.C.s?

"The desire of Lady Macbeth to be unsexed must find its counterpart in these women of to-day," said the *Saturday Review* ten years later of the medical women.

"Intolerable Monsters"

It was the same with the demand for education. "Of all the feminine charms," said the *Saturday Review*, "shame, delicacy, and reticence are the first to be discarded—what chance have our girls nowadays?" They were further warned, in season and out, that "there is a strong and ineradicable instinct that a learned or even an over-accomplished young woman is one of the most intolerable monsters in creation."

If over-education was to turn women into monsters, women's clubs, of course, were bound to lead to awful degeneracy. It was "impossible to contemplate unmoved" the results that might come from this example of "the significant tendency of the times to break up homes."

Said *The Queen* in 1874, "Out of one hundred Englishmen, ninety-nine would refuse to allow their womenkind to belong to a 'ladies' club,' as being in their minds too mixed up with female suffrage, lady doctors, and other too liberal opinions."

How the Men Felt!

In 1869 a women's club gave a dinner to men at which women spoke. Said one journal, "The idea is a ludicrous one. . . . This most curious reversal of all that we are accustomed to look upon as the normal condition of things is a sign of the times indeed. We cannot help wondering how the men felt as one after another of the ladies rose and addressed the audience."

Men, indeed, have long since ceased wondering how they feel when addressed by lady speakers. Women's clubs are old and respectable, almost as much so as perambulators and ladies' bicycles.

But "votes for women"! Why is it that the prophets now are studiously silent as women in their millions prepare to vote?

The fact of the matter is that the war has come, and has blown with such gigantic force against the thin walls of our houses of convention that, perforce, the cobwebs have

long since been detached. After witnessing women in trousers calmly washing windows in the public streets; after inspecting corps of "Waacs" (not to say Q.M.A.A.C.s!) and "Wrens" and "Penguins" parading in uniform; after witnessing smart young chauffeurs driving smart young officers along the Embankment in tri-cars, and brave young V.A.D.s saving wounded soldiers' lives at the front: after all these things, well, it seems a comparatively harmless thing for a staid married woman (over thirty) to leave her home and children for a few minutes, and quietly record her vote at the nearest polling station. Why, it doesn't seem so indecent and unsexing as, say, to stand in a queue to get a pot of marmalade, or to haggle with the butcher on the coupon-value of offal!

A Conspiracy of Silence

"Votes for Women" has come, but the dreadful, alarming thing is that nobody seems to take any notice of the change. Instead of the deadly rumble of a revolution is a conspiracy of silence. Perhaps things will wake up when we are nearer to the election: perhaps the fashion-writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* will be in time to recommend a tasteful and inexpensive robe for the polling station at the ridiculously trifling figure of seventeen guineas.

At the moment of writing, however, a dead calm prevails in the political world, and one really begins to harbour an uncomfortable suspicion that by saying nothing about it, women will forget that they have the vote and go to the grocers to hunt down a stray box of matches instead of to the poll to exercise the franchise!

Why Not?

Women: if you are over thirty, and if there is a General Election, and if there is a contest in your particular constituency, go to the polls by all means, and record your votes. It may or may not influence the nation's destinies, it may or may not be less waste of time than calling on your local coal controller to demand an extra allowance of coal for the children; but at any rate, once again, as so often in the past, you will put to shame the prophets of woe, and prove that Woman, though a motor-driver, a "Penguin," or even a voter, is a woman still.



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 And a heaven in a wild flower;
 Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
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WILLIAM BLAKE.

MY DEAR HELPERS,—I have a new scheme in view for you, and I hope to be in a position to explain it next month. I think it is one that will appeal to every helper—and if you only support me as loyally in this enterprise as you have supported me in others, we shall add another useful "nut" to the many that have been cracked by THE QUIVER Army of Helpers during the past twelvemonth.

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Our Second Motor Ambulance

We have sent up another parcel to Miss Hope Clarke, and here is the result:

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Watches	2	0	0
Saleable Items	13	15	0
Mrs. Kirk's Parcel, Montgomery, Wales	11	5	0
Total	52	1	0

There were 82 thimbles in this parcel.

We have now about £280 in hand for our second ambulance. We need

£750

Do please make a very special effort and send me every oddment that has not yet been weeded out, in order that we may soon see our second ambulance drive into La Belle Sauvage Yard. You can see what splendid work your first ambulance has done from this extract from a letter from Mr. Messer, who drives it:

"Still Running Absolutely Perfectly"

"I have no doubt you will be pleased to hear

that THE QUIVER Army of Helpers' Silver Thimble Ambulance No. 26, from May 16th to Thursday last, August 8th, carried 298 cases and covered 1,817 miles, and is still running absolutely perfectly."

Extracts from Letters

So many gifts are accompanied by the kindest letters, I can only quote from one or two:—

"I am sending you a few silver trinkets, most of them given me by my dear father, who is now dead, and I feel I could not put them to a better use than in sending them for the Motor Ambulance Fund. I have two boys at the Front.

"(Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.)"

"I have read with much interest of the Silver Thimble Fund, and I thought I should like to help just a little bit, so I am sending a few bits, hoping they may be acceptable. I am an old woman, and have not much to call my own in this world, so you must excuse the smallness of my contribution. I am an old Nannie, and my nurslings are all grown up. One dear boy has fallen in this dreadful war. These are the things I am sending: 1 new thimble which was given to me years ago but which I have not used, 1 gold pencil which I have had by me over fifty years but I know the giver would approve of this disposal of it if he could know, 2 small coins, 2 old thimbles, 2 oddments given me by friends.

"OLD NANNIE."

"I have, or rather the children in my class have, made a small collection of oddments, and hope they will be of some use. My children are mostly very poor, and therefore their pennies and halfpennies are real gifts.

"Miss V. MABEL CUMMINGS
 (Lewisham)."

"I am sending a few trinkets to help the Ambulance Fund. The watch, which has just been cleaned, etc., by a watchmaker, is in perfect order. It is a keepsake, and belonged to an uncle of mine when he was a lad. I feel sure he would have loved to know it was going to help to pay for an ambulance for our wounded soldiers.

"(Meikleriggs, Paisley)."

"With this I am sending some oddments of gold and silver. The girls in my school have helped in this little contribution.

"Miss E. R. TROUNSON
 (Falmouth.)"

Please remember that every gift of gold or silver—large or small—helps to pay for the Motor Ambulance. All contributions

THE QUIVER

should be sent as soon as possible, so that we can reach the required sum promptly.

"Philip"

One of our "nuts," the support of "Philip" in the Homes for Little Boys, Farningham, is a most satisfactory bit of work. Here is a letter from Mrs. Robson, the Organising Secretary of the Young People's Union, which is run in connection with the Homes. She says:

"DEAR MRS. LOCK,—I have pleasure in enclosing Philip's school report which I have just received from Farningham. I am sure that those who have very kindly contributed to his maintenance among your members will be pleased to see how excellently he is getting on at school.

"The Matron of the house in which he lives tells me he is very well, and a very good boy in the house. He is a favourite with his house-mates, having the happy knack of seeing the funny side of things. He is intelligent and studious too, and in a recent Scripture examination, in which many other schools took part, he gained 196 marks out of a possible 200, which we thought very good.

"To-morrow the Farningham boys go for their annual holiday. Philip is going to visit his mother, and is greatly looking forward to the meeting.

"Thanking you on behalf of the Homes for your kind sympathy with this work,—I am, yours sincerely,
ISABEL S. ROBSON."

Philip's report was excellent throughout, and I am so very glad "our" boy is such a credit to the school. I shall be very glad to receive contributions for his support at the Home. The amount required annually is £21.

Glove-Waistcoat Society

I have received the following welcome and interesting letter from Miss Cox:

"In thanking the readers of THE QUIVER most heartily for their continued encouraging and substantial support in the collection of materials to enable us to continue our work, we think they may perhaps be interested to hear a few details. We began our work with the beginning of the war: the idea of making a leather waistcoat out of old gloves was then so strange, that people thought we must be either mad or bad, and detectives came to inquire into

our proceedings. Needless to say, we satisfied their doubts. Since those early days the work has been carried on locally in many places in England: depots were started in France and Italy, and the industry flourishes in Canada, Australia, South Africa and the United States of America. Waistcoats sent out this last season from London are worn in Mesopotamia, Greece, on the Murman coast—in fact, on all the battle fronts and on the five seas. Therefore the materials which the readers of THE QUIVER have been kind enough to send are doing full service in all parts of the world. For the last three years the work of the society has been entirely self-supporting, and has employed distressed workers (who are forced for one reason or another to find home work) in considerable numbers. Just now our great want is for 'good' gloves, especially white ones, owing to the greatly increased price of cleaning and the demands on our stock by young officers."

I had the pleasure of seeing the waistcoats the other day. They are perfectly beautiful. I sent one to a sailor on a destroyer, blue outside, and lined with sealskin. This cost 7s. 6d. There are cheaper ones at 5s., and more expensive ones at 10s. I bought a beautiful one for an officer, made of brown moirette and lined with white kid. These waistcoats are greatly in demand. The men in the trenches now have leather waist-

coats provided by Government, and those originally made for them are being sold to Waacs. Nothing could be warmer or more useful for war-workers exposed to cold and wet. The waistcoats can be obtained from Miss Cox, Glove-Waistcoat Society, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.



"Picking Up Gold and Silver."

Thirty 1,000-oz. bars of silver and ten 200-oz. bars of gold, the result of one recent collection of broken silver and gold of the "Silver Thimble Fund."

Gay Bags

Gay Bags are still needed in quantities. They should be made of cretonne or sateen, gaily coloured, twelve by fourteen inches, with a draw-string round the top. They are invaluable to the

men for holding their possessions in hospital.

Mrs. Ord Marshall writes:

"The French soldiers have had a little share lately. They have fewer comforts than our men, and were so grateful. It was the French



How a was Made

Plain Girl Pretty.

BARBARA had always been congenitally duckling of the family, and certainly no one would have voted her attractive the day she called on me, and told me how tired she was of being classed amongst the dull and uninteresting women of her set.

To tell the truth Barbara had fallen in love, and was anxious, as she had never been before, to appear at her best. She wasn't a flapper; she was twenty-eight, but there were possibilities in her, and I promised her that if she would follow my advice carefully, she wouldn't recognise her own reflection in the mirror in a month's time.

Her Complexion.

WITH a good complexion the plainest features look attractive, but Barbara's unfortunately left much to be desired. It was muddy, and there were blackheads around the nose and mouth, caused, I think, through using impure toilet soaps. For the dull muddy look I made her rub a little pure mercolised wax gently into the face and neck every night, leaving on the skin till the next morning. This very gently and imperceptibly peeled off all the dead, dull outer cuticle, leaving the fresh young complexion underneath, and giving her a skin as clear and fresh as a baby's. The blackheads were soon

Beautifying Barbara

By MIMOSA.

removed. A stymol tablet was dissolved in hot water, and the face bathed and gently dried. After two applications all signs of the blackheads had disappeared.

Beautifying Her Hair.

BARBARA had a fairly good head of hair, but it had been very much neglected. I don't know what she had shampooed it with, but it certainly wasn't the right stuff; for her hair was dull and lifeless, without the bright lights it should have possessed, there was no wave in it, and it appeared to be falling out rather more than was natural.

So I made her get some stallax at the chemist's, and give it a good shampoo. A stallax shampoo leaves the hair soft, silky and glossy, and no rinsing is necessary. After one shampoo a most marked improvement could be noticed, and by the time Barbara had used it three times, with an interval of a fortnight between each shampoo, you would not have recognised it as the same head of hair. Then to stop the fall I advised her to get two ounces of boranium, and mix it with water and a little Bay Rum. This she dabbed into the roots every night, and it not only stopped the fall, but gave the hair great vitality.

A Little Colour to the Cheeks.

BARBARA is one of those girls who are much improved by a little colour in the cheeks, but unfortunately she has none naturally. So I suggested that she should get some colliandum and apply a very little to the cheeks with a small piece of cotton wool. The most critical observer cannot detect that a colour given by this method is not natural, for this wonderful powder is just the correct tint, and has an advantage which no other artificial colour has; it deepens slightly in a warm atmosphere, and thus appears absolutely natural.

When home on leave—

a man revels in the old familiar comforts and conveniences. Make sure that everything is in readiness for him, and do not fail to place a bottle of Anzora on his dressing-table. Anzora

Masters the Hair

Anzora Cream—the only non-greasy preparation to effectually control the hair—and Anzora Viola (ideal for dry scalps) are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, and Military Canteens.

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Many more are Urgently Needed.

Huts cost £2500; Tents £300, fully equipped; £250 pays for small Chapel at one of the Huts.

Cheques, crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

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"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

soldiers in the beginning who gave them their name. Parcels go direct to so many lonely sort of hospitals in France. There always seem some left out in all paths of life, do there not?"

The Countess Brassey was also very pleased with a parcel of Gay Bags sent to her hospital at Battle. She writes:

"Please convey our best thanks to the readers of THE QUIVER who made them. We are very glad to have them, and they will be much appreciated by the patients."

Gifts of All Kinds

I am most grateful for gifts of silver paper and tinfoil, coloured pictures, large and small, scraps, books, odds and ends of wool, etc. I shall be glad of further contributions.

Gifts and Givers

Welcome gifts for the "Silver Thimble" QUIVER Army of Helpers' Ambulance, St. Dunstan's, "Philip," pictures, wool, silver paper, books, Gay Bags, etc., were received from the following kind donors:

Mrs. R. J. Hanks, A. M. F. (Berwick-on-Tweed), Mrs. J. Morton, Mrs. D. C. Roberts, Mrs. Piggott, M. C. Roach (Barnados), Miss Gough, Mrs. Wanstall, "The B," Mrs. E. Hunter Webb, Mrs. M. Howells, Mrs. Young, Mary Paxton, Miss A. E. Kerr, Miss Isabel Dobson, Mrs. A. J. Herring, Mrs. D. Phillips, Miss A. S. Anderson, The Misses Payne, Mrs. Sowter, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Neville, Miss Edith Fidler, Mrs. Hudson, Miss Stanger and Miss Sheffield, Miss Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Bertha Abrahamson, Mrs. Miller (Shipston-on-Stour), "A Wellwisher" (Castleford), Miss F. A. Norton, Miss Rouse, C. Thompson (Uckfield), Miss C. Mitchell, Miss Helen J. Oswald, Mrs. Fair and Irene and Florence Fair, Miss E. Chadwick, Mrs. James Torrance, The Misses McNaughton (Manchuria), Mrs. J. Smith (Hemel Hempstead), S. A. H., Mrs. Fitt, Mrs. Birmingham-Tyrell, Miss Bessie Stirling, Miss M. Daniels, "Church Stretton," Miss Bellamy, Miss Nash, "Scotland," M. Anderson (Manorhamilton), Mrs. Butler, Miss Hamer, Miss Evans, L. M. Jagoe, Mrs. Hudson (Cranbrook), Miss Davidson, Miss J. S. Merritt, Miss Gregory, The Misses Catford, Miss Gardner, Miss Helen M. Pratt, Mrs. Lees, Miss S. Clarke, Miss Emily E. Chapman, C. (Beckenham), Miss Kerr, Miss Peel, Mrs. Kelly, Miss Reddrop, A. M. Standen, Mrs. A. Freeman, Miss H., Miss P. Pitts, Mrs. H. Talbot, Mrs. Johnston (Crossgar), Miss E. W. Taylor, "Anonymous," "A QUIVER Reader," The Misses E. and M. Chapman (Hampton Wick), Candidates of the Girls' Friendly Society, Grays Branch (per Miss L. G. Weymouth, Associate of G.F.S.), Mrs. Harry Foster, Miss Marion Taylor, Miss Doreen Fennell, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Burne, Miss Jessie Burnside, A. H. Boyd, Mrs. Kenderdine Webb, Miss Ellen L. Wilson and Miss Elliott, Miss McNaught, Mrs. E. K. Reynolds (Calgary), Mrs. E. Willis, Miss Emily Cancellor (who wrote a very kind letter), Mrs. Durnford, Mrs. Andrews, Miss M. E. Jackson.

Many names are held over till next month.

I think this is a splendid list, and I wish I could express to each helper individually my grateful thanks by letter instead of the formal post card.

May I ask correspondents kindly to sign their names very distinctly, and to put



"Daddy's Eyes":

In the Home of a Blinded Soldier.

Have you sent in your bit for St. Dunstan's?

Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

My hearty thanks to one and all.

Yours sincerely,

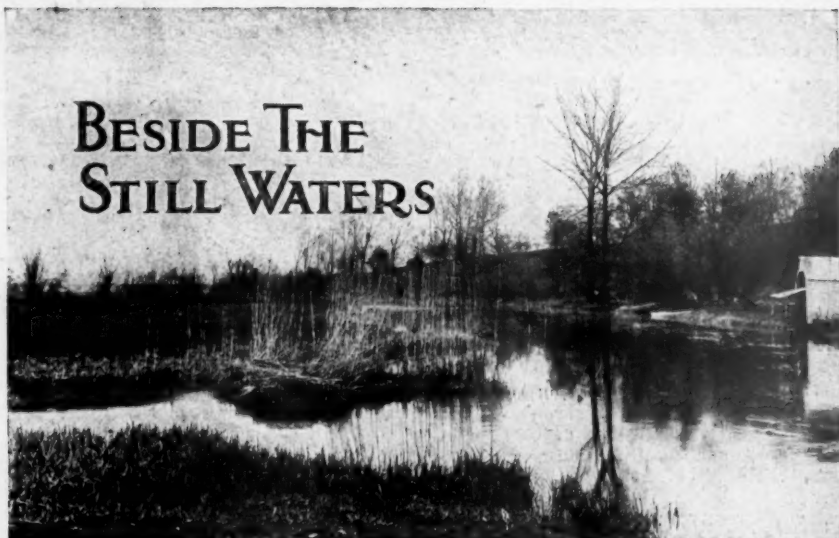
BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(Mrs. R. H. LOCK).

All letters, silver and gold oddments for the Silver Thimble Fund, kid gloves and fur for the Glove-Waistcoat Society, books, silver paper, gifts of money for "Philip's" maintenance at the Home for Little Boys, Farningham, and for the "Little Folks" Convalescent Home, Littlecommon, Bexhill, should be sent to Mrs. R. H. Lock, THE QUIVER Offices, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Cassell and Co., Limited.

I am asked to acknowledge the following, sent direct to Dr. Barnardo's Homes:

"Reader of QUIVER," 6s.; Jennie Pannis, 5s.; D. Easton, 3s.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS



Talking Up the Chimney

A RUSSIAN student in an American college tells how, when he was a little lad in his native land, he liked to stand before the open fireplace and "talk up the chimney," his imagination meanwhile playing freely with the weird shapes or ghostly fancies with which he peopled the flues. And now that student says that to him prayer seems but like a "talking up the chimney"—as empty, as valueless, and as resultless a practice, though possibly serving at times as a diversion, or an experiment with the Unknown.

It is probable that many people experience, when they come to pray, a similar sense of the unreality of the spiritual exercise. It is as though they talked into the air, or watched their petitions fade away like blue smoke curling from the chimney of a peasant's hut. Perhaps some part of this uncertainty or mental haze, in dealing with the philosophy of prayer, is unavoidable. The theory of prayer is no easier than is its practice. By sincere and faith-filled prayer we are setting in motion forces whose action sweeps out far beyond our vision, or even our imagination, nor do we know how these forces act, or what their precise results may be. Yet while this is so, we are not talking

up a chimney when at our devotions—for we are conversing with a real Person, Who is mightily interested in us and in our eternal fortunes.


The Master Teacher said, "When ye pray say, 'Our Father.'"

There is a God-man behind the mystery, and with Him we hold converse in prayer. This consciousness of a listening Jesus may vary in intensity with our own mood, or with circumstances, but all the while we should remember that we are called to have faith not in our own prayers but in Him.

When we pray aright the message gets through, and drives straight home to the ear and heart of God. Then pray on! The world is organised on the side of moral freedom and prayer and worship and religious duty. We are not the sport of circumstance, the victims of dream and deceit, the subjects of a subtle delusion, but the sons of God; therefore let us never fail to pray to "Our Father."—
REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.



EVERY man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—
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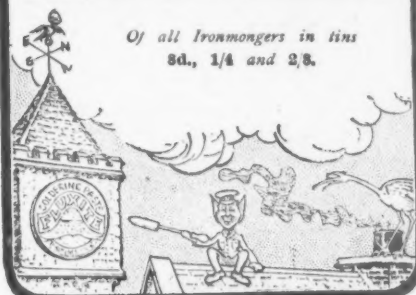
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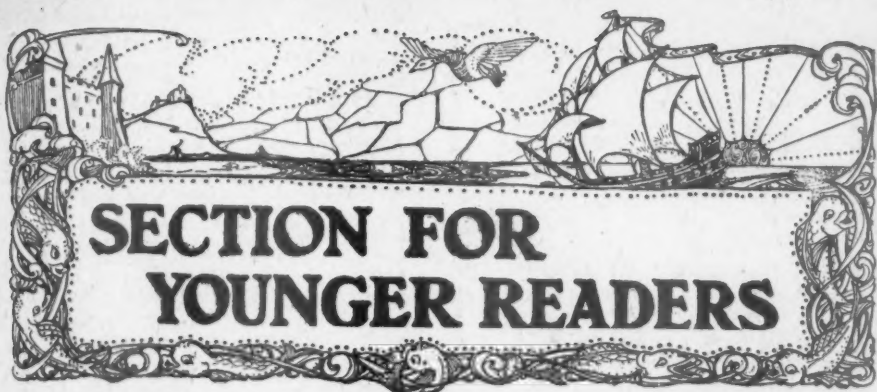
Removed by a painless method. Explanatory Booklet sent Free.

Beauty of face is often disfigured by hairy growths, and how to remove these has caused much anxiety to ladies who study their personal appearances. Some have tried the painful process of Electrolysis, which leaves the skin perforated, and often these small holes become clogged, and hence other blemishes arise, such as Blackheads, Pimples, &c. There is also the dangerous depilatory which only burns off the hair, and often burns the skin. But at last science has devised a method which entirely supersedes the antiquated harmful methods.

Every lady suffering from hairy growths will be pleased to learn that these can be removed for ever by a new method which cannot possibly harm the most delicate skin. It is so sure that it is just a matter of days and the hair is gone for ever, leaving a beautiful clear skin. There is no expensive treatment or appliances to buy. You will not be put to any inconvenience. All you have to do can be done in the privacy of your own apartments. This new method is worthy of your interest. We specially want those sufferers who have tried other methods to write, as, unless we can prove that we can do all that we claim, we do not ask you to take up this treatment.

HOW TO OBTAIN INFORMATION OF THIS NEW METHOD.

Just send your name and address, with a stamp for postage, to The Capilina Manufacturing Co., 339 Century House, 205 Regent Street, London, W.1. You will receive a full description of this simple and remarkable method, which will enable you to remove all superfluous hair at home at a very slight expense. The description is posted to you FREE in a perfectly plain and sealed package, and you should have no hesitation in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely superfluous hair can be painlessly removed. Why not write to-day?



SCHOOL STORIES WANTED

By "DAPHNE"

WHEN I set the Literary Competition for August, I did my best to explain just what I meant by a Nature Note. But, all the same, I did not really expect that very many of you would send me exactly what I wanted, and so I was very agreeably surprised when I came to read your entries to find that the majority of you had quite understood the terms of the competition. There were one or two "Essays on Spring" and suchlike effusions, but the greater part of the notes were very good indeed and showed real originality of observation.

The Prize-Winner

The book prize offered by the Editor for the best Nature Note goes to DOLLY SCOULOUDI, aged 17, for her excellent observations on the habits of Privet Hawk Moth Caterpillars. This competitor lives in London, so it was all the more to her credit that she should have carried off the prize. She was run very closely by EMILY BAILLIE, with an account of the Emperor Moth Caterpillar, and GWENDOLEN LEIJONHUEVUD and KITTY JOYNT also sent in very good notes. I am making room for these three letters in addition to the prize-winning entry, as they are all well worth printing, and they will help other readers to understand what is wanted. I hope to have some more of these Nature Note Competitions some day.

The Prize-Winning Letter

PRIVET HAWK CATERPILLARS

LIVING in London, we are not allowed to keep pets; nevertheless I reared some Privet Hawk Caterpillars.

Last summer I brought a few Privet Hawk chrysalides back to London from the country, and kept them through the winter.

This June they appeared in moth form, and I released all except one, which seemed to have no inclination to fly, so I allowed it to remain in its cage, and I watched it closely.

Presently the walls of the cage were dotted over with tiny eggs, apple-green in colour, and about the size of a pin's head.

I put the cage out in the sun regularly, until one day I noticed a small black dot on the tops of some of the eggs.

The next morning those eggs which had black marks were empty, and small caterpillars were crawling over the cage.

They were of a light yellow shade, and their bodies terminated with a brown horn. Examining them through a magnifying glass, I distinguished seven white stripes down their sides. From previous experience I knew they had the same number of mauve stripes, also yellow dots between the stripes; but then only the white ones were visible.

I fed them on privet leaves, which I renewed daily.

Nearly three weeks after the eggs hatched the mauve stripes began to appear, and as time went on the markings grew in distinctness and the caterpillar in size. About September the caterpillars will have reached their prime (they grow to between 4½ inches to 5 inches long); then they will gradually fade in colour from the bright apple-green to a dirty yellow.

Presently they will refuse to eat, and will swell considerably.

Noticing this, I shall put about 1½ inches of soil in the bottom of the cage; then the caterpillars burrow, and change into chrysalis form for the winter.

The chrysalides are dark brown.

I shall leave them undisturbed, but occasionally I shall water the soil, because if they were in the garden the earth would be watered by rain.

The following June the chrysalides will burst, and the moths will make their way out of the soil.

They are about 5 inches wide from one tip of the wing to the other. Their wings are white, blending into exquisite shades of brown and pink, and their feelers are white, ringed with fine brown.

The bodies are beautifully marked with pink and brown rings.

The moths will hang to the side of the cage, eating

THE QUIVER

nothing, for about three days. Then, feeling they are sufficiently strong, they will fly to the bottom of the cage and shake their wings up and down for a few moments to test them.

After I have seen this movement I shall put the cage into the garden (we possess one though we live in London) and remove the glass.

The moths will then very soon fly out and away into the world to enjoy their freedom.

DOLLY SCOULOUDI (17).

Some Interesting Nature Notes

THE EMPEROR MOTH

HAVING had opportunities of studying the habits of many insects, I will describe my experiences in rearing the Emperor Moths.

In March I obtained eggs from a dealer and placed them in a cardboard tumbler covered with muslin; in the bottom of the case was a hole through which the stalk of the food plant passed into water. Minute black caterpillars soon emerged. I have heard that young caterpillars are liable to as many diseases as human beings, and certainly I found it difficult to rear them. Whenever I found one dead I moved the rest into a new case, and though several batches died, eventually a dozen grubs grew well.

They grew fast and changed their skin several times. The skin splits behind the head; the caterpillar frees its head with a jerk and walks out, leaving a shrivelled black skin. In about a month they were over an inch long; their colouring could be seen to be beautiful pale green with bright pink spots, from each of which grew several hairs; in some varieties these spots are brown. I now moved them into a large case I had made—one side glass, two of perforated zinc, and the rest wood. It stood some inches off the ground to allow for the vessel of water for their plants.

Being in town all this time, I found it difficult to obtain sufficient food for them. They like heather, willow, and bramble; and by taking a walk every few days, or asking a school friend who lived in the country, I managed to keep them supplied with fresh bramble leaves.

They continued to grow well, and in July we went to Donegal. I was now able to give my pets heather as well as bramble, and added some more to my collection. I scarcely ever touched them with my hands, but during the daily cleaning of the cage moved them to another box with a paint-brush.

By the end of August they were over 3 inches long and became lazy. I now took care not to disturb them, and soon a silky thread was seen to come from their mouths, and each within a day had spun a cocoon, finally casting its skin when enclosed. They were easily brought back to town, and remained throughout the winter safe and warm. They have a wonderful resistance to cold, for those naturally out on the hills must be under snow frequently.

Next June the moths emerged. They were very handsome, brown and downy, and about 3 inches across, the female being larger. On each wing is an "eye" of white and red. I got a large number of eggs from them, but as a male did not emerge at the same time as a female, they were not fertilised, and were useless.

I killed one specimen of each with ammonia, and set free the rest.

EMILY E. BAILLIE (20).

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED ABOUT SPIDERS

LAST summer I made a special study of spiders. I noticed that while having a meal a spider generally stays (head downwards) in the centre of his web; he has a very big appetite, and eats all kinds of insects. No sooner has one victim been consumed than another begins to disappear, or, if the parlour is empty, he will run away and hide under a leaf,

ready to pounce upon the next visitor. I used to think that he could not walk in the web of another spider, but I found that I was mistaken; he can do so with difficulty, and rarely gets caught. He is very particular to keep his web tidy; if ever I put a petal or blade of grass into a web the owner seized it and threw it out with much scorn. Most spiders mend their webs every other day, though some, the "lazy" ones, wait several days before doing their repairs.

The size of the webs vary, according to the size of the occupants; some webs are several feet from end to end, while others are no longer than an inch. They are also very different in construction. Long, thin spiders make webs much the shape of themselves, with the threads close together. Round, fat spiders also pattern their homes after their own forms, and the threads are a good distance apart. The grass spider makes his web very close to the ground; at a distance it looks like a piece of muslin, the holes being few and small. The threads are very irregular; they cross and recross one another, forming one compact entanglement. Another spider weaves his web in much the same way, only he has, so to speak, two storeys connected by a number of single threads. Then there is the modest spider that satisfies himself with one long thread stretched from branch to branch. He can only catch small flies, which stick to this trap because of its glutinous composition. He seems to get a good many, though, to make up for their individual lack of nourishment.

The ordinary spider uses the ruse, so common among insects, of pretending to be dead when touched; by lying on his back he thinks that you can be deceived. If you should turn him over he will often revert to his former attitude. I know of one spider (a black customer, which can easily be mistaken for a liquorice) that is too knowing for such behaviour. He will remain in one position as long as you look at him. The moment you glance away, however, he is running for his life, and you next see him disappearing down some crack.

The female spider lays her eggs in gauze-like substance, woven for the purpose of protecting them. This is placed in any warm corner, and here they stay until the spring.

GWENDOLEN LEIJONHUFFVUD.

THE STICKLEBACK

ONE lovely day in June I was sitting by a shady stream, when my attention was attracted by a small fish. It was a stickleback, a very common little fish, about 2 inches long, very pretty, with a bright shiny back and a scarlet belly. His eyes were a greenish colour.

The stream was very shallow, so I was able to see what it was doing.

Under the shade of a willow it began making its nest; he gathered thin pieces of fibre, and weaved them together with his mouth, then he brought more pieces and stuck them on with slime from his mouth. In this way he made sides and a roof; when it was finished it was about the size of a small plum, and the shape of a pear.

Before he added a piece of material to his nest he tried if it was heavy enough to sink and not float away. It had a hole right through it; so when the stickleback put his head through, his tail stuck out at the other end.

He did not want it for himself, but a home for the eggs of his young ones.

Shortly afterwards he swam down the stream to where it was deeper, so I lost sight of him that day; but next morning when I came a smaller stickleback, and not so shiny or pretty, was in the nest.

After a short time she came out and swam away. Leaving behind her a small lot of eggs, she took no more care of them.

It was the father stickleback who guarded them

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Army, a closely guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which had made Superfluous Hair unknown among the native women of India, a fact which is well known. It was so successful in my own case that I no longer have the slightest trace of Superfluous Hair, and I shall be glad to send Free to anyone full information to destroy completely all traces of hair, root and all, without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations, and send me coupon below, or a copy of it, to-day, asking that you send me two penny stamps to cover my outlay for posting. I shall also send you free particulars of other valuable beauty secrets as soon as they are ready. Address as below.

THIS FREE COUPON

or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 2d. stamps.

Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure Superfluous Hair; also details of other beauty secrets as soon as you can. Address, FREDERICA HUDSON, Dept. 1451, No. 9 Old Cavendish St., London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.



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VI means Life. And VI-Cocoa is so named because it revives and invigorates all who take it.

Its good effects are immediate in cases of exhaustion and nerve strain.

Business men and women who drink a cup of Vi-Cocoa immediately they reach home find themselves able and ready to derive benefit from their evening meal, as they cannot do when they are "too tired to eat."

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SECTION FOR YOUNGER READERS

and kept off any fish who came near that would be likely to eat them.

Sometimes he went into the nest and brought out bits of dirt in his mouth. Then he swam over the nest, waving his fins so as to drive a current right through his nest. He also seized the nest in his mouth I think this was to rearrange the eggs within it, so that all the eggs should get a share of pure water.

In about three weeks' time the eggs were hatched, and then a number of tiny fish came out.

The poor father was greatly worried with the bigger fish trying to eat them, but he used to chase them off; once he rushed at a fish with such force that his spines ripped it open—he had three of these spines sticking up on his back.

Sometimes when the little sticklebacks used to get daring, and want to swim into the deep part of the stream, he would carry them back in his mouth to their nest, where he could keep them safely together.

KITTY JOYNT (18).

The notes sent in by the following competitors are Highly Commended:

Christian Milne, Derek Studdert-Joynt, Phyllis Lucas, Kay E. Hammond, Kathleen McLean, Jean Birkmyre, M. Richardson, Gladys Waters, Edith M. Hambly, Margaret E. Drake, George H. Clinch, Kathleen M. Smart, Gladys Fansett, E. Reeves, Stuart Errington, Mary D. Burnie, J. S. C. Smith, Beryl M. Puzey.

Result of the Drawing Competition

The prize of Half a Guinea for the best drawing of an animal from life is awarded to CECILIA ROBERTS, aged 18,

for her sketch of a young horse frightened by an aeroplane. The drawing is not quite as accurate as it might be, but it shows spirit and originality, and is quite the best of the drawings sent in.

The following competitors are Very Highly Commended:

May McCoy, Norman Stead, W. C. Jackman.

The work of the following is Commended:

Judy Charles, Beryl M. Puzey, Kathleen C. Bockett, Geoffrey Fiennes, Gertrude E. Breary, Phyllis May Lucas, Ronald Clinch, Lucy D. Thurston, Joyce Olive Burrows, Elinor Blackwall, Gwen Mills, Joanna R. Geldart, Sara E. Ekins, Doris Burrows, Aileen Burrows.

This Month's Competitions

This time we are going to have a Poetry Competition of a definite nature. There

will be a prize of Five Shillings for the best "Hymn for All Saints' Day" received at this office by November 20th. Poems must not exceed twenty-four lines in length.

Artistic Competition

There will also be a prize of Half a Guinea for the best "Interior of a Room" in water-colour submitted by a QUIVER reader. Sketches may be done from a model or from imagination, but they must not be copied from any other picture, and each competitor must certify, on the drawing itself, that it is his or her unaided work.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written upon one side of the paper only.

2. Competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.

3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.

4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope, large enough to contain it. Brown paper and string, wrap-

pers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelopes are insufficient.

5. All entries must be received at this office by November 20th, 1918. They should be addressed "Competitions," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Grand New Story Competition

And now I have some great news for those of you who excel in story-writing! I expect most of you will remember the School Story Competition with which we started our Section in May, 1917? Well, that competition proved so popular that the Editor promised to let us have another one some day, and now he is fulfilling his promise. He is offering a special prize of TWO GUINEAS for the best school story that reaches this office by March 20th, 1919. Stories may be about boys' schools or girls'



The Prize Drawing of an Animal from Life.

(Carried out by CECILIA ROBERTS, aged 18.)

THE QUIVER

schools, day schools or boarding-schools, or any other kind of school you please. No story must exceed 2,500 words in length. Home-readers should not dispatch their stories before March 1st, 1919. The competition will be announced again in the March number, so there is no reason for readers living in the British Isles to hurry unduly with their work. It has been given out so far ahead in order that any over-seas readers who wish to compete may have plenty of time to do so. I hope we shall have a great number of entries from competitors abroad.

Envelopes should be marked "Story Competition," and the rules will be the same as for the ordinary monthly competitions. You will find them printed in these pages.

Criticisms of Stories

Competitors who wish for critiques of their stories should enclose a postal order for 1s. and a stamped addressed envelope for the return of the MS. Also will they please send a stamped post card in order that an acknowledgment of their entry may be sent? I hope to publish the results of the competition in the June or July number of the magazine; but there are always a certain number of readers who get anxious about their stories, more especially when they have enclosed the shilling fee, and I think it will save me a good deal of unnecessary correspondence if you will all enclose these post cards—all who wish for critiques, that is—and it will also set your own minds at rest.

The Music Column

Here are the names of a few songs which I have had recommended to me for this new feature. Will you please all send the names of composers, and if possible the publishers and prices of the compositions, when recommending songs or other music?

"Sea Fever." By John Ireland. Words by John Masefield.

"The Mountains o' Mourne." By Houston Colclison. Words by Percy French.

"A Letter from Mary of Mourne." Reply to "The Mountains o' Mourne." By David Buchan.

"Keep on Hopin'."

Three Little Australians

The Correspondence Column is closed, and

I cannot possibly accept any more notices for publication, but I have had just one appeal for letter-friends which I cannot altogether resist. It is from three Australian schoolgirls, living far away in Sydney, New South Wales, who are wanting to find letter-friends amongst English schoolgirls of their own age or a little older. One of the three is thirteen, the other two are fourteen years of age. These three readers wrote before they had received their copy of THE QUIVER saying that the Column was closed, and they write so excitedly and eagerly about the friends they hope to make, that I haven't the heart to refuse their request. So I am making this appeal for them, and I will gladly forward any letters any of you care to send.

But please don't imagine that, because I have inserted this one notice, the Correspondence Column is open once more. It is still fast shut, and won't be opened again for a long, long time yet, no matter how touching and pathetic your appeals may be. So please don't begin overwhelming me with advertisements again. I shall only have to refuse them if you do.

Books for Exchange

A girl reader of fifteen is anxious to exchange books with other readers. She has a large collection of stories which she has rather outgrown, and she would be glad to hear of anyone who would send her older books which she has not read in return for her own volumes. If any of you have any books which you think might do, and would like to enter into correspondence with this reader, will you write to her, enclosing a list of the books you have for disposal, and send your letter to me, when I will forward it for you.

The competitions have taken up so much room this month that I am afraid I must hold over the usual Book List. However, I am sure you will not mind for once, for I know you all like seeing other readers' work, and the Nature Notes which I have printed are really extremely interesting.

Yours sincerely,

DAPHNE.



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

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